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OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

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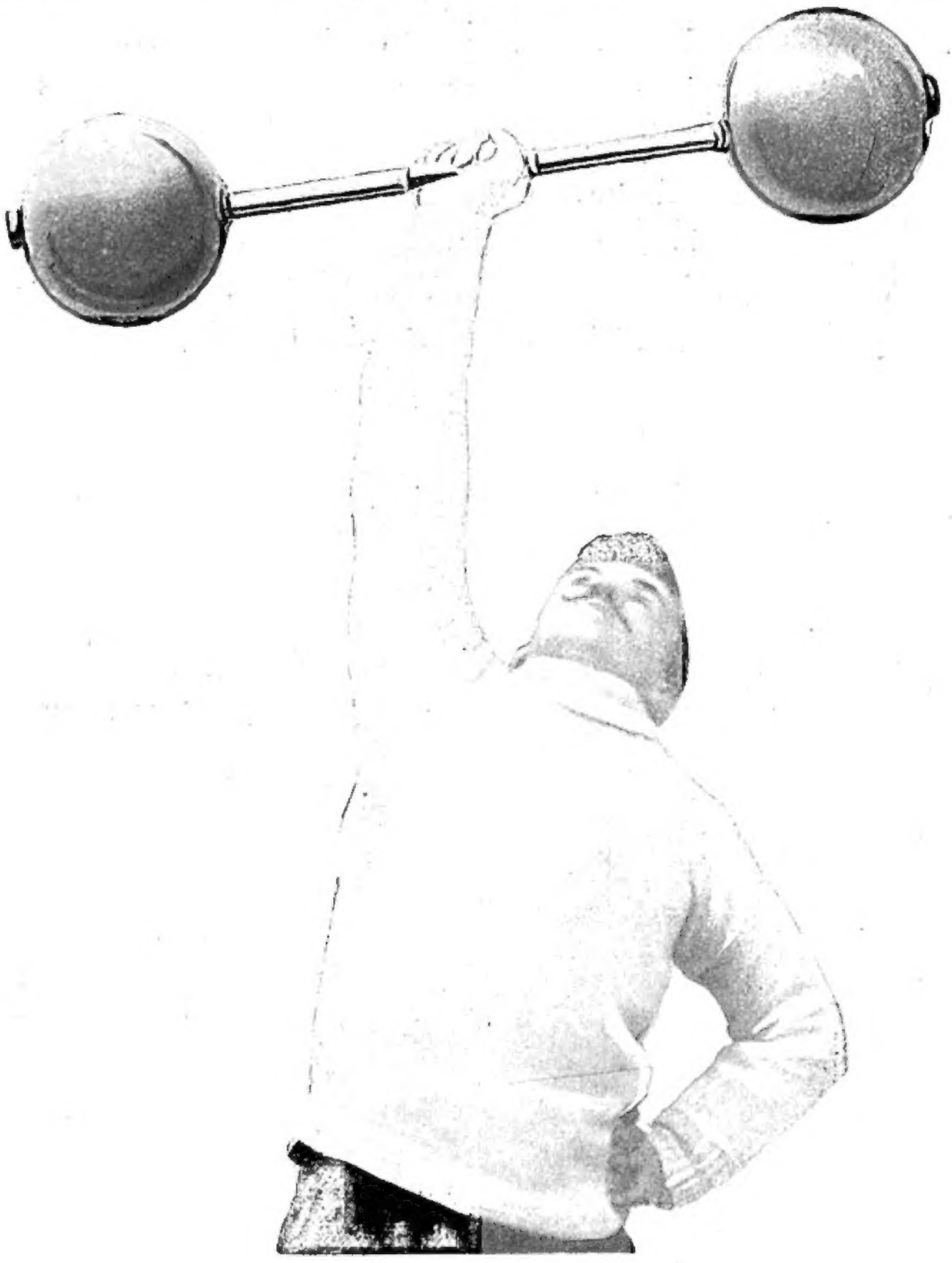

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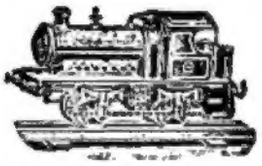

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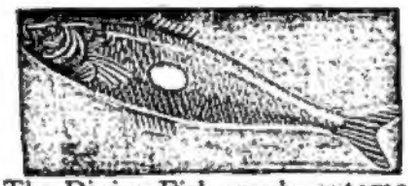

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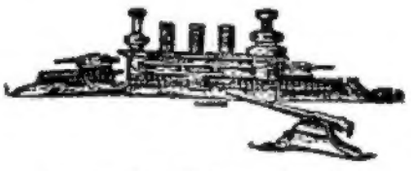

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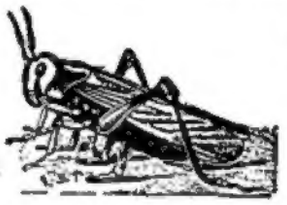

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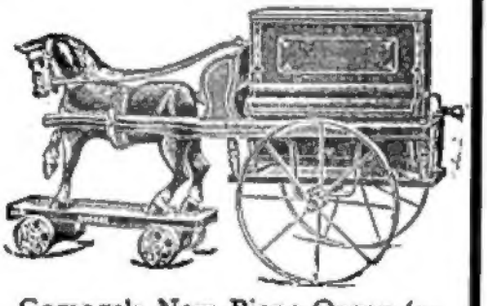

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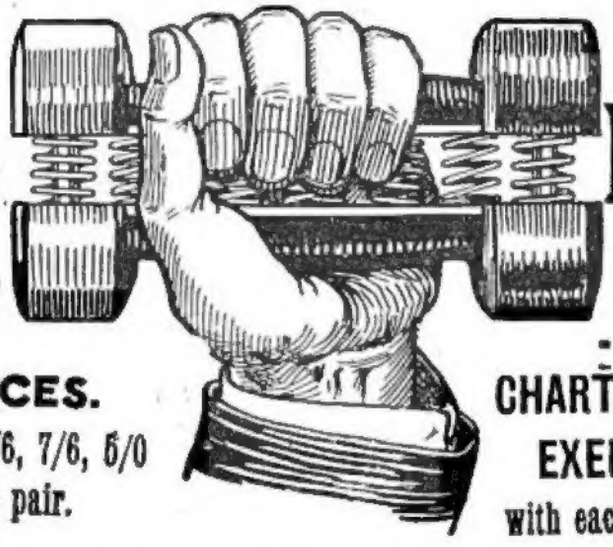

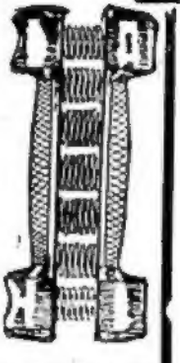

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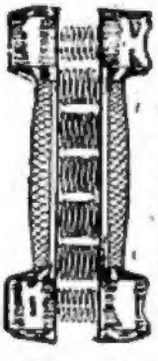

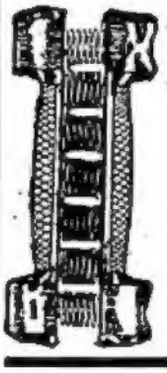

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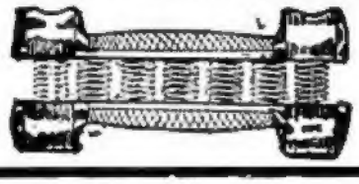

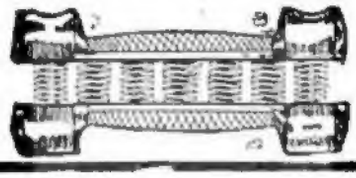

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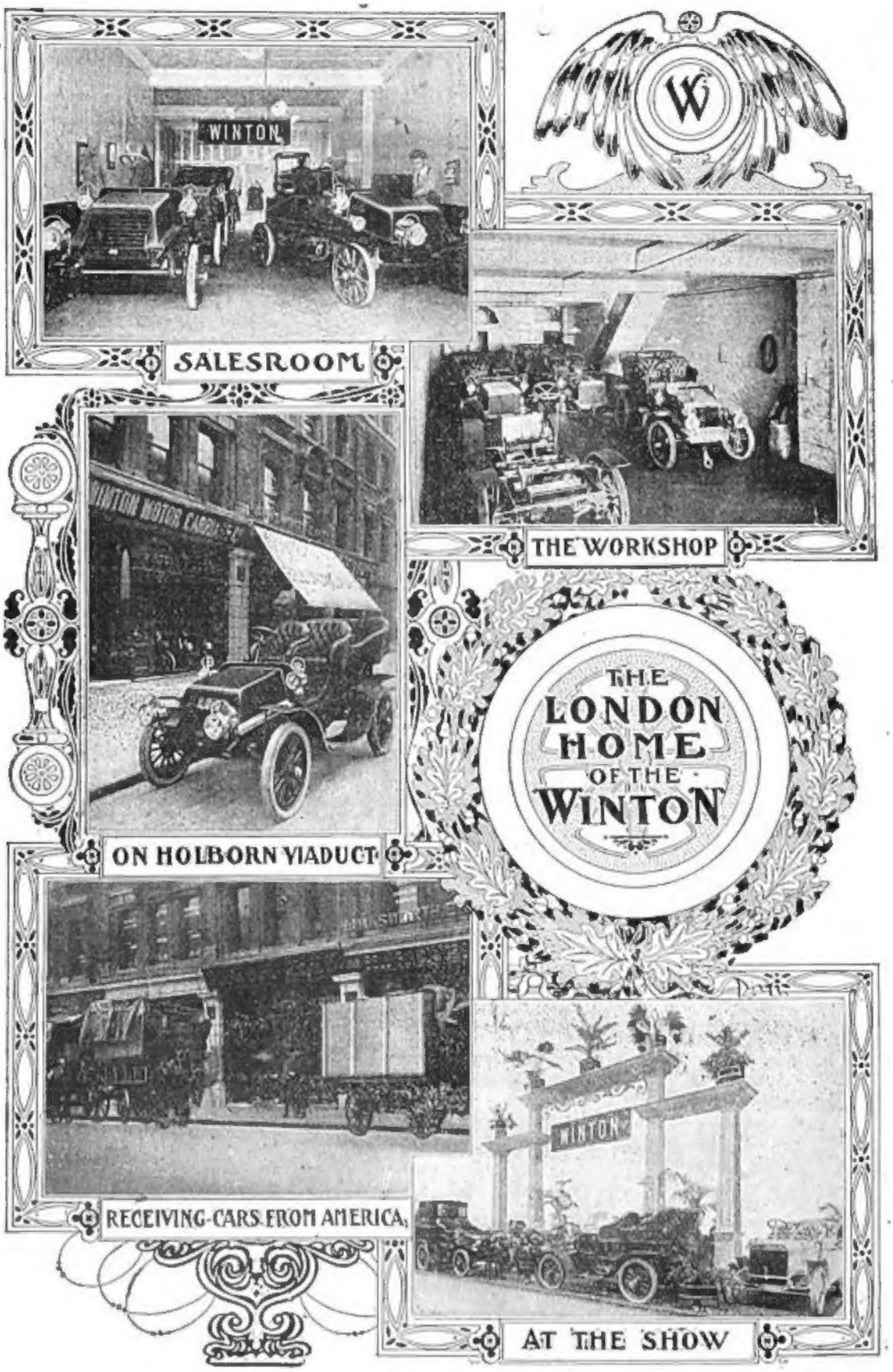

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VOL. XVI. (Est. 1898) No. 5. FEBRUARY 1, 1906.

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... OF ...

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Edited by EUGEN SANDOW.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

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NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

A reader has asked me for advice upon a very important matter. He is at present engaged in employment which, he says, is ruining his health. He has been thinking over what appear to be several ways out of his difficulty. Briefly, they are: (1) Canada; and (2) "Back to the Land." As he adds for my information that he was for two years on his uncle's market garden outside London, and that he liked the work and only gave it up on his uncle's death. This being so, my reader friend would be well advised to carry out either one or the other of his ideas. The important question of which is one that I do not know that I can help him in. If he has no home ties, does not object to solitude and "roughing it," Canada might be preferable; but if otherwise, he should seek for an opportunity at home. There must be many big market gardeners round London who would like to get hold of a superior man who could be depended upon to act as manager, etc., and this "Reader" might quickly work up to, and later, perhaps, this may lead to a business of his own.

o——o

I might add that I am pleased to note the steady—and in some parts like Essex and Kent—growth of a new and thrifty class of small farmers. Essex especially is being honeycombed with small farmers, and it is being demonstrated that a family can live healthily and contentedly on from three to five acres. Some there are who manage with less. The produce of the most successful small farmer is, as a rule, very mixed, and it is generally sold direct to the consumer (and it is surprising how easily and quickly a satisfactory *clientele* is obtained) by the wife or daughter (the man and his sons doing the work on the farm). Private enterprise has rendered much of this satisfactory state of things possible by selling the land freehold on the now popular plan of "10 per cent. down and balance in ten years." This affords to the small man every encouragement to improve *his* (instead of some landlord's) property.

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What a change is coming over the French nation! If things go on as they have been lately, the Englishman will have to amend his old-time belief about one Briton being equal to three Frenchmen—a rule originally applying to naval fighting, be it observed. Even now, our athletes do not beat the French by anything like this margin, except perhaps in the peculiarly British accomplishment of long-distance running.

o——o

The *entente cordiale* has been responsible for a good deal in the way of fellowship in healthy athletic rivalry, and now we find that the French Government will endeavour to carry out a great Exposition des Sports in 1907. Sport glorified, sport in every conceivable form, sport represented by every nation—such are a few of the ideas to be carried into effect. On the committee are many influential men associated with various forms of sport, and automobilism in particular takes a very important place. The site of the exhibition will probably be the Champs de Mars, and the occasion will be marked by a vast programme of international trials and contests in every branch of sport. The technical and industrial side of the matter will not be overlooked, although the primary idea is to encourage sport for sport's sake.

o——o

I am pleased to see that I am succeeding in arousing a heartier feeling of enthusiasm in the cause of Physical Culture among Readers. The following letter is typical of many I am now receiving daily:—

Almond Bank,
Perth.

DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure of seeing two of my letters published in the Readers' Club pages, so I think I ought to step aside and give some of the other readers a chance.

But before doing so, I feel I ought to express to you my thanks for allowing a few pages in your magazine every week for readers to give their experiences. Apart from the benefits one receives in the reading of others' experiences, you may yet have no idea of the feeling it arouses in seeing one's letters in print. It makes one take a more personal interest in the magazine, and go through the exercises with greater vim than ever before.

I think any reader who does not avail himself of your kind offer is making a great mistake; he has no idea how much he is losing. It will make him take a greater interest in himself, and also in others; and he also has got the chance to write letters which may prove of great benefit to others.

Letter writing, I am afraid, is a lost art among the young fellows—at least, among a lot of them.

And last, but not least, we have the Fellowship Badge, which of itself should give them encouragement to write.

I thank you again for the kindness you have shown me, and wish the "Readers' Club" pages every success.—Yours faithfully,

WM. TURNBULL.

P.S.—I do not intend this to be my last letter. I only want to give the rest a chance.

o——o

Mr. John Burns is a Physical Culturist. He rises before the sun, braces himself for the day's task by vigorous exercise, and then more often than not takes a spin on his bicycle, then home at 7 for breakfast. At 8 he is at his desk. Right up to bedtime finds him hard at work, everything being tackled with the air of a man who has taken off his coat to the work of the moment.

Eugen Sandow

THE NEW ZEALAND FOOTBALL TEAM
Recently set sail for home *via* the U.S., where it is hoped they will play an exhibition game or two for the purpose of demonstrating the superiority of the British Rugby code to that of the brutal American game.

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"FAST LIVERS."

By J. L. CORNING.

JUST when and where the custom originated of calling a certain sort of people "fast livers" we do not know; but it is certain that the phrase had its root in some knowledge, even were it partial and inadequate, of the actual realities intended to be described. Of all the functions and facts involved in the phrase I am very sure that few persons are aware, and possibly the little word which I have to write in this paper will help toward a better appreciation of its broad inclusiveness.

When a man is spoken of as a fast liver, we get a picture before our mind's eye of a red-faced, gouty individual, who has surrendered himself to the domination of his appetites with little or no consideration of the demands of reason. Champagne, and the most costly Havanas, whiskies, and club-life, with ignobler carnal indulgences, make the earthy heaven of our fast liver. That he is an expert feeder goes without saying. With him the kitchen is a sanctuary, and the chef is the high priest thereof.

If our fast liver is a woman, she is a devotee of all the follies which go to make up the gilded sham called "society."

Late hours and the consuming ambitions of social rivalry, together with a career of habitual dietetic transgressions, have early robbed her cheeks of their youthful bloom, and powder and paint have been invoked to realise a facial renaissance, to the end of perpetuating, with some little show of success, the delusion of her life.

The class now described constitute a mighty army of rebels against the laws of life and health. One would think, in observing their mode of living, that they were utterly oblivious of their bodily welfare; but, in point of fact, their habitual abuse of their bodies obliges them, through the penalties of manifold aches and pains, to think so much of their physical frames that they often become hypochondriacs in consequence. They keep doctors pretty busy inspecting their tongues and counting their pulse. Having commonly well-filled purses, as well as an unnumbered host of bodily ills, these fast livers, taken in the aggregate, make a harvest field for doctors whose yield is of almost fabulous dimensions.

It need not be said that they are not a long-lived race. Their rule of life is: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," and they generally finish the race of mortality early, having compassed its leagues at a rapid pace. When they die they commonly get first-class funerals and obituary notices, well equipped with adulatory expletives and pious allusions to the inscrutable mysteries of Divine Providence in cutting short prematurely lives so valuable to the world in general and to the rectors in particular. They have traversed mortality's leagues at a rattling pace, and have reached the goal in advance of us common pilgrims; and we can only say, "Peace to their tired bones!"

Let us now consider some of the conditions of fast living which are not so palpable to superficial observation as those which have just come under our notice. A great deal of fast living in our time and country is the almost inevitable result of contagion and environment. The stream of human life and activity flows at a more rapid rate than it did in the age of our grandfathers, and all of us, to a greater or less degree, are unconsciously caught upon the rushing tide, like leaves on the banks of swollen rivers, and swept onward with a swiftness which we are not aware of till, mayhap, our course is arrested by some physical catastrophe. I have seen in the worlds of business and politics men wrinkled and worn with care and the corrosions of ambition, and visibly aging at fifty. And I have said often

to myself, "Are these the men whom I used to meet a few years ago leisurely whiling away the hours of an afternoon's outing in the freshness of youthful vigour?" Yes, they are the very same; but, in truth, they look as if they had put two score years behind them since last I saw their faces a few years ago. From being moderate livers they have become fast livers without knowing it. To the contagion of environment—social, political, commercial, and other—there was added the electric impulse of climate. For atmospheric influences, I am sure, accelerate the processes of life far more in the western than they do in the eastern continent; and the tired victims of nervous strain of one k'nd or another have often found healing on the eastern shore of the Atlantic, which they sought in vain on the western.

I have known several great violinists, during the course of many years' residence in Europe, and have been informed that it is a habit with them to give their costly and delicate instruments periodical resting spells in order that they may not, by too much use, lose their elasticity and tone. A violin made by Stradivarius or Amati has often a market price of hundreds of pounds, and is, both in its material and its construction, an instrument of extreme delicacy. Just what it is that takes place in this wonderful mechanism in the process of its getting "tired," and what are the conditions of its recuperation through rest, I am not able to say, and perhaps no one is. But the need of an occasional "rest cure" for violins of world-famed manufacture and great value is a recognised fact among eminent masters of the instrument.

"Study to be quiet" is a Biblical injunction which, during my clerical life, I often intended to preach upon, but never did. There were many Stradivarius and Amati human violins in my congregation who needed just that text well applied in their daily life. In fact, I rather think that I was one of those instruments myself, for I was begotten and born of a nervous and unrestful parentage, and, whether in the pulpit or out of it, never practically understood the arts of calmness and repose, which are fundamental conditions of real power.

There were no such fast livers in my congregation as those described in the opening paragraphs of this paper, so far as I can now remember. For we were rather an impecunious and unfashionable folk, and could not imitate the costly follies of "society," even if we wanted to. But we were pretty fast livers, nevertheless—the men in their business and the women in their domestic assiduities. For one thing, we were nearly all tea and coffee drinkers, which means much in the daily wear and tear of the human machine. The minister was also a fast liver in the pulpit and in the study, preaching with the morbid furore of a highly nervous temperament, intensified and aggravated by narcotics, and driving the brain in sermon writing often at a furious rate.

Why did not the preacher tell his flock to "slow up" occasionally in the consuming solicitudes and activities of daily life, the business man in his store and shop and the fretting housewife in the grinding cares of the home? Alas! the physician had need first of all to heal himself before prescribing for other sick souls. Whatever be the physiology of sleep in scientific phrase, in the dialect of common-sense it is the "slowing up" of the human machine. Take this definition and the fact that insomnia is the fashionable disease of our time and country, and the inference is inevitable that we are a nation of fast livers. People in all professions are like cyclists "scorching" on a down grade, who either will not or cannot put down the brakes. The specialists of brain and nerves in the medical profession, I believe, count among their most frequent and remunerative patients the victims of insomnia, both men and women. And I will just say, parenthetically, that, to my view, about as ridiculous a spectacle as is often seen is that of a professional healer of sick nerves who habitually uses tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcoholic stimulants. But I believe such men have been known to exist.

Happy is the man or woman who can "slow down" the vital machine with

normal slumber, asking no aid from drugs or those who mix them. The thing is entirely practicable if one is but willing to sacrifice self-indulgence, set conventionalism at defiance and be a faithful loyalist to nature.

Dives in his "purple and fine linen," and Lazarus "at his gate full of sores," represent the two extremes of social condition in our poor undeveloped and disjointed world. We have seen Dives with his luxurious fare hurrying over the race track of mortality to premature death; and now let us take a look at Lazarus in his rags, squalor and reeking sores. Is Lazarus, too, a fast liver as well as the surfeited proprietor of the lordly palace? Not in the same, but in another sense he certainly is. For it makes practically no difference whether a man is stuffed to death or starved to death; he gets into the hands of the undertaker in a hurry just the same. Here is a problem for philanthropy in the vast constituency of fast livers on the bottom strata of society. And let us be thankful that the problem seems to be on the way toward solution. Public Sanatoriums and a multitude of kindred devices for poverty's rational healing are reducing the rates of mortality by large figures. The slum house terror is gradually passing away in the great centres of population; the sweat shops are diminishing, the fountains of sterilised milk are rescuing uncounted thousands in the vast world of childhood from the ravages of the destroying angel; and the tables of human longevity give prophetic signs that the millennium is coming one of these days. But the era of fast living in life's under strata is by no means near its end; and, meanwhile, let a wise philanthropy go forward in the good work which it has so well begun.

THE EDITOR INSTRUCTING A CLASS.
(From a Photo taken in Australia during his Antipodean Tour.)

PHYSICAL TRAINING AS THE BASIS OF HEALTH, STRENGTH & GRACE.

By W. R. C. L.

Read this article if you want a proper understanding of Physical Culture.

PHYSICAL Culture is fashionable. It has become a favourite fetish of this fetish-loving day. Gymnasiums, schools and "studios" of physical culture have been established everywhere. "Professors" of physical culture abound. The "professor" is usually an athlete with bulging biceps and phenomenal "chest expansion." He likes to call himself after some mythological hero. He writes seductive advertisements, claiming peculiar prowess and a special scientific knowledge of the workings of the human body. Because he has big muscles, because he can lift a ton, because of his preposterous claims to physiological knowledge—the "professor" usually commands the confidence of his pupils. Under his drastic methods they are equally successful in adding inches to the size of their muscles, and in taking years off the length of their lives. For of physical culture in the true meaning of that term the professor knows little. He can teach methods of muscle development, but muscle development is not physical culture.

Physical culture means more—much more—than muscle development.

Physical training, to be worthy of the name, should imply, first, such a treatment of the various bodily organs, heart, lungs, stomach, liver, intestines, skin, mucous membranes, etc., that their several functions shall be properly performed.

Secondly, the body is to be trained to proper habits of standing, walking, sitting, breathing, and tone production in song or speech.

Thirdly, the muscular system should be duly (and not unduly) exercised. The exercises of this department of physical training should be so devised as to teach muscular control. Muscular control implies not only the power of forcibly contracting one or all of the muscles, but also the ability to entirely relax the muscles either of the entire system or of any desired part. Current methods of physical culture, as taught in the gymnasiums and by "professors," deal only with a part, and the least important part, of muscular training. They teach how to contract the muscles, but not—what is far more important—how to relax them.

In personal development — physical, mental and spiritual—the condition expressed by the word relaxation is of prime importance. Muscular activity, particularly when severe, produces chronic rigidity or hyperkinesis. The hyperkinesis, or muscular rigidity, is injurious in several ways. Muscular rigidity exhausts the nervous energy, interferes with the action of the vital organs (as, for instance, a rigid chest, which prevents proper breathing), and renders bodily expressiveness impossible. Grace, as will be explained further on, consists merely in moving with the least possible outlay of muscular force. Grace is merely a fine equilibrium of the body made possible through flexibility and muscular relaxation. In other words, grace is merely muscular economy in action.

Moreover, muscular rigidity impedes thought, for thought is merely latent muscular action, "the first two-thirds of a reflex," as Alexander Bain expresses it, and anything that interferes with the expression of thought interferes, at the same time, with its development. So, also, in the development of the spiritual powers, physical relaxation, and the corresponding mental attitude are most important. Browning writes:—

"There is an Inmost Centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness. . . . And to know
Rather consists in opening out a way,
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than seeking entrance for a light supposed to be without"

Spiritual growth depends upon making the entire personality passive to the God-like tendencies dwelling in man. The matter of relaxation is of so great importance in the cultivation of health, grace, expressiveness and the higher mental and moral activities that it will receive more extended consideration presently. Enough has been said, however, to show that relaxation is of the greatest importance, and that any system of physical training which does not teach it is grossly defective.

The division of man's activities into physical, mental and moral is usual and convenient. It must not, however, be forgotten that there is in reality no line of demarkation between physical and mental, between mental and moral. Every physical act involves mentation (conscious or sub-conscious). Every mental activity involves a moral element. It is impossible to go through a gymnastic exercise without thought, and in the reading of a book, the writing of an essay, the conduct of a debate, a man becomes weaker or stronger morally, according to the spirit in which he performs his task. The physical, mental and moral activities are closely interdependent. In fact, all are the result of one force acting through an organised nervous system. To train the body properly is to train the mind. To train the mind is to train the moral nature. So the basis of all culture is physical culture.

The term physical training to most people means muscular development. But muscular development does not mean health. In fact, it does not even mean strength; for strength depends not upon the amount of muscular tissue, but upon the nervous energy of the individual. Muscular development as secured by the usual methods is a distinct disadvantage to the owner and a menace to his health and life. This is true, not because the large muscles are, in themselves, undesirable, but because the excessive development is produced by a method which is in itself unphysiological and injurious.

A brief explanation will make this clear. Muscular development can be gained only by increasing the nutrition of the muscle. Now, this can be done in either one or two ways. One, the natural method, is to so regulate the diet and general system that the entire body is thoroughly well nourished, each of the organs and tissues receiving its full share. A very moderate amount of exercise then suffices to keep the muscular system well fed without depriving the vital organs of their needed supply of food. With a well-nourished body and full breathing, violent muscular exercise is not necessary to proper maintenance or development of the muscular system.

The usual method of acquiring muscular development is by rapid and vigorous muscular contractions maintained to the point of fatigue. Little or no attention is paid to the diet or the condition of the alimentary and excretory organs. Thus the general nutrition of the body is not materially increased. At the same time the exercise taken has created an imperative demand for nutriment on the part of the exercised muscles. To meet this artificially created demand nutrient matter needed by the internal organs is sent to the depleted muscles. The vital organs, thus regularly robbed of their natural and needed food supply, are starved and weakened to such an extent that their structural organisation undergoes degenerative changes, and they thus become a ready prey to disease. The constitutional weakness and the lowered vital resistance of trained athletes is a well-recognised fact among practical medical men. In addition to this the vital organs are given many additional pounds of muscular tissue to feed and care for, thus at the same time reducing their capacity and increasing their duties.

Thus the really important organs, the organs through the activity of which life is maintained—lungs, stomach, intestines and liver—are drained to feed a huge mass of unnecessary muscle.

In the light of this very simple and obvious physiological principle it is easy to understand why the excessively developed athlete dies in early life. In a system of physical training based upon physiological principles, such a diversion

of the nutrient matter from the vital centres to those merely subsidiary members would be impossible. The scientific training of the body means a larger life, but "physical culture," as ordinarily taught and practised, is not only a menace to health, but a frequent cause of death.

These are trying times. The struggle for existence, common to all life, has become in our day a brutal, implacable scramble for place and pelf—a struggle in which many must perish that a few may survive. Statistics show that in business only one man in twenty succeeds; while in the professions the percentage is still smaller. Twenty years ago success was a question of willingness to work. Not so to-day. To-day the ambitious young man looks out upon the future and asks himself, not "Am I willing to work for success?" but "Have I the strength to win success? Can I stand the long hours, the intense application, and the nervous strain necessary to wrest success from others as determined as I, and perhaps stronger?" Success to-day is more a matter of endurance than of intellect—more a matter of health than of application.

Studying carefully the type of men who succeed, the trained observer notes in every case the signs of physical vitality—the erect carriage, the broad proportion to the limbs, the massive bony structure of cheek and jaw-bone, the broad palms and webbed fingers. Looking at the men who have achieved great things in any line—the Napoleons, the Cromwells, the Martin Luthers, the Websters, the Lincolns, the statesmen whose mighty brain and the prize-fighters whose brawny arm have made them conquerors, Gladstone and John L. Sullivan—we see in them all one characteristic in common—physical vitality. In every field of humanity this principle applies. We find that the greatest are the greatest because of their enormous vital power, based upon a sound and active physical organism.

Physical vitality, then, is the essential to great achievement. He who would succeed must possess this precious capital. If weak he would become strong. If strong he would increase that strength. Is there a way by which this can be accomplished? In many cases—in most cases—it can be accomplished through the application of modern scientific methods of physical training.

FALSE CHEMISTRY OF FOOD.

By FREDERICK M. HEATH.

RECENT experiments seem to prove that the chemical theories of food long given in the text-books are dangerous, and should be discarded. It has been taught that food is of four kinds—starch, fat, protein, and salts. Starch and fat contain much carbon, and are said to be the fuel of the human engine; protein much nitrogen, needed to feed the muscles; and a large group of elements like sodium and calcium and phosphorus, which are quite as vital, are tossed aside as simply "salts."

Nothing can be more untrue than these divisions. Starch and fat, indeed, furnish carbon, but they supply also oxygen and hydrogen, and they help to feed the muscles as well as to heat the body. Protein, instead of being only food for muscles, is to some extent a fuel, and it contains only a few of the elements needed to make flesh.

And surely so important a part of the human machine as the skeleton, requiring much silicon and phosphorous and calcium, ought not to be overlooked in any list of food supplies.

Probably more accurate and scientific experiments have been made in feeding cattle than men, and here the same chemistry long prevailed. It was proved (on paper) that a ration largely made of oil cake would compel a cow to give milk rich in cream. But the dairyman tried it in vain. The animal generally became ill, and she gave richer milk from grass.

The chemists proposed to fatten pigs on the same plan. They said it would be so easy for them to eat cottonseed oil and pack away their fat without the labour of digestion. But, alas, the pig, having less exercise than the cow, became sooner ill on concentrated diet, and, being an obstinate animal, he insisted that if he got fat it should be from natural food made into lard in the old way. Intelligent farmers have discarded chemical foods for their animals, but have learned no lesson for themselves. A prominent farm lecturer told the writer that all experience showed the importance of feeding the many elements needed by the animals in their natural form, and that they were all dissolved and mingled in the stomach in a manner that no chemist could follow, some being used and others rejected. When we consider that fifteen or sixteen different elements are needed, and that the demand for each varies from day to day, it is childish to talk of food as consisting only of carbon and nitrogen, with a few minerals. We know that natural food, as, for instance, milk, contains much more nitrogen than silicon, but we cannot, therefore, say that nitrogen is more important to life, any more than we can say that the lungs, which are large, are more vital organs than the heart, which is small.

The fact is that starch and sugar and protein and the like are not deserving the name of foods. Not only do they contain so few of the elements demanded by the system that it will starve on them alone, but all experience shows that none of these articles can be eaten freely without injury. Few can devour much butter or sugar or white flour, or any other substance composed largely of carbon, without clogging the liver and the bowels, and becoming "bilious." None but the most vigorous can indulge freely in cheese, or meat, or any other substance unduly rich in nitrogen, without becoming poisoned with dangerous ptomaines. Excess of nitrogen in the system is one of the most common causes of decay and early death.

It is time to cease calling these concentrated articles, which will not sustain life, and will, if freely used, produce

injury, "foods," and the danger of doing so has lately risen to gigantic importance in the case of alcohol.

The poisonous effects of alcohol are so easily seen, and so very fatal, that it has long been thought to be always a poison, and so the text-books have declared it. Many of the United States have laws compelling teachers to make this very clear to all their pupils, and to warn them of its dire effects.

But now arises Professor Atwater, a learned man, employed by the Government to experiment on foods, and announces to the world, after costly and most careful tests, that the human machine, when it has no better fuel, can get a small amount of heat and power from alcohol. And as everything else that it can ever use is called food, he makes the startling statement that alcohol, which we all know to be poison, is food, too!

The alarm with which this statement has filled the prohibitionists and friends of temperance is pitiable. Some of them have denounced Professor Atwater for publishing such experiments, even if true; others have insisted, without proof, that he has made some blunder.

The drunkards and distillers, on the other hand, are filled with joy. Alcohol a food! Then, surely, whisky is not poison, and wine and beer, with their small per cent. of alcohol are heaven's gracious gifts!

Yet to the sane student of hygiene there is little surprise in these experiments. Let us concede that the human machine can, in the absence of real food, extract a little heat and energy from alcohol. It still comes far short of being food, for it contains but three elements, and far more than starch and sugar, which it resembles chemically, is its use injurious. Every drinker knows, as well as the most ardent prohibitionist, that alcohol scorches and inflames every tissue that it touches. The whole land is filled with besotted victims of the drink habit. Can a substance such as this be rightly called a food?

It would greatly clarify the air if we could have a new and reasonable definition of food. For instance, food is a substance attractive to the natural taste, and containing all the elements needed by the human body.

Food, by this definition, would consist of apples and all the tempting fruits, wheat and all the useful cereals, potatoes and the long list of vegetables and nuts, which contain most nutriment of all in a small space. It would include peas and beans and milk and eggs and lean meat —though meat, from its excess of nitrogen and great impurity, would rank below the rest.

It would not include starch, which is pleasant to the taste, but contains only three elements (C 6, H 10, O 5), or sugar, which is like it (C 12, H 22, O 11), or butter or any other fat, for they consist mainly of the same three elements. It would not include salt, which is made only of chlorine and sodium. And it could not possibly be made to cover alcohol, which, though much like sugar in its composition (C 2, H 6, O), is so repugnant to the natural taste that even topers have hard work to swallow it.

It will here be asked if we must then exclude from our tables sugar and butter and salt, and all the pleasant things that flavour real food and add so greatly to the charm of living.

Surely not, for it is likely that they add to the nutrition of real food, and, if not, they still are harmless in small quantity. No chemist can, by any possibility, contrive food that will supply just the elements needed by the system. Those needs vary from day to day and hour to hour. Machinery, therefore, is provided to take and use such elements as are required, and to reject and carry off the rest. The alimentary canal is a long storehouse into which we must put all the sixteen elements of food, but their dissolving and mingling and selection are too complicated for any chemist to follow. No problem in the whole range of science is more difficult than that of digestion and nutrition, the border-land where chemistry ends and life begins.

Most books on food display tables of the starch and fat and protein in all sorts of substances, and give sage advice about

their use. According to them, a diet of starch, butter, and cheese, with an occasional dose of "salts," would be ideal, and so it might if it did not hurry the eater to the grave. A table giving the amount of each of the sixteen elements would be far more scientific, but chemistry can never be more than a partial guide in choosing what to eat.

The wise hygienist will provide a variety of food varied from day to day. He will have it flavoured to his taste, but will always have in mind the difference between flavours and real food, and will use but little of the flavours. His taste will mainly be his guide, but he will be apt in summer to eat much juicy fruit; in winter, nuts and heartier things. If his work is sedentary, he may live largely upon vegetables; if active, he will incline to cereals and legumes. He will eat slowly, and if his digestive organs will not carry three meals a day, he will eat but two. He will never be puzzled to know what is healthful food, and, above all, he will never think of getting nourishment from a substance so dangerous and offensive as alcohol.

ROLAND SPENCER.

One of the famous Spencer Brothers, of London, and a well-known Physical Culturist.

FOOD VALUE OF ALCOHOL.

Doctors Repudiate Prof. Atwater's Theory.

* * *

DR. CROTHERS sends us the following:—"The American Medical Association has just held its annual meeting in St. Paul, Minn. During its sessions the American Medical Temperance Association, composed of eminent physicians and teachers in medical colleges, members of the American Medical Association, always holds one or more meetings for the special purpose of promoting scientific study and investigation into the action of alcohol in health and disease. The meeting this year shows a great advance in the scientific study of alcohol and its action on the body. In the ten years of its existence its membership has grown to over two hundred, and the number of papers and discussions, all of a scientific and technical character, are increasing, so literally this is the most authoritative organisation studying the alcoholic question in this country. Of the ten papers read at the St. Paul meeting three of them discussed Professor Atwater's experiments and conclusions, then passed the following resolutions as the unanimous opinion of the association:-

"'Whereas the American Medical Temperance Association, the members of which are physicians and medical teachers who have devoted years to the study of alcohol and its effects, and who are conversant with the work done by scientific men the world over to determine the effects of alcohol when given in any quantity have noted the teaching of Professor W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan University, upon the food and medical value of alcohol as set forth by him in the pages of the influential lay press, be it

"'Resolved, that this association utterly repudiates the pro-alcoholic doctrine of the said Professor W. O. Atwater as being contrary to the evidence deduced by scientific experimentation, and that his conclusions are unwarranted by the evidence resulting from his own experiments.

"'Resolved, that this association regards the teaching of Professor W. O. Atwater as erroneous and a source of danger to the laity, insomuch as such teaching contributes towards the increased consumption of alcoholic beverages by giving supposed reasons for their safe use.'—N. S. DAVIS, M.D. (President, Chicago Ill.), T. D. CROTHERS, M.D. (Secretary, Hartford, Conn.).

"Two other papers pointed out the evils from the use of cigarettes and tobacco on neurotics and young persons. One paper critically reviewed the school book teachings on alcohol, sustaining their claim to scientific accuracy in nearly all the books used.

"The address of both the president and vice-president described the folly of efforts to check disease and degeneracy by ignoring alcohol as one of the active causes, also the conflict of experience with theory and tradition. The other papers read discussed the causes of the popularity of alcohol as a beverage and its danger in high altitudes; also the substitutes for its use in medicine.

"The value and reliability of these papers is evident from the fact that eight of the ten authors are active or ameritus professors of medical colleges. Four of them are medical journalists, two of whom are in active practice."

HOWEVER good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be you can find out what some of them are; and, however slight they may be, you had better make some effort to get quit of them.—ANON.

LIFE is growth. If you are not growing you are dying.

The Hygienic Life.

By H.

THE writer has no wish for fame, but his experience in hygienic living should be known to those who doubt the value of the principles taught in this journal. For a slender man and an invalid to recover health and lead an active life for thirty years, without the aid of medicine or doctors is unusual, and to rear children and conduct a family without illness is an achievement worthy of record.

I was a thin, dyspeptic boy, the son of thin, dyspeptic parents, and, at the age of twenty-three, became a hopeless invalid. Several years of study in an ill-ventilated laboratory and hard work in a malarial climate were the causes of my break-down. I had been, from youth, a taker of drugs, for my father was a physician, and I now sought relief in larger doses and new remedies. Yet I grew worse, until I weighed less than a hundred pounds, and was so feeble that it cost an effort to life my hand.

There was, in our library, a book on health, by Dr. William Alcott, and, in despair, I turned to that. Its views were crude, perhaps, but it taught a gospel new to me—that illness came from breaking laws, and that life force only, and not drugs, can cure disease. I got other books and made experiments, and finally decided on a code of rules that I resolved to live by. Here they are:—

1. To drink water only.

2. To keep a high chest, breathe deeply and sleep in an airy bedroom.

3. To eat mainly fruit, cereals, legumes, nuts, vegetables, and eggs, being very sparing in the use of sugar, salt, white flour, butter, and other fats, meat and milk.

4. To swallow no drugs, stimulants, or other hurtful things.

5. To labour every day with my muscles, with my mind, and with my moral powers.

6. In case of illness to cool the head, warm the feet, wash out the bowels, perspire the skin, eat little, and wait patiently for nature to work a cure.

I soon came to have perfect faith in this code for daily living, but it was long before I dared trust it in sudden illness. The old fallacy that a sick man needs poisons, which would injure him if he were well, had been deeply rooted in my mind.

But to-day, after thirty years of varied experience, I stand upon this simple code as on the adamant, and I preach it to all men in all conditions. Its following will make men proof against a large part of the ills that flesh is heir to. My doctor's bill since its adoption has been two shillings, and that was paid a surgeon for searching out a cinder in my eye.

Twenty-five years ago I married a lady of fair constitution, but who was a victim of frightful headaches and had pelvic troubles that made walking painful. By this code, and by wearing clothes that did not bind the waist or press the abdomen, she became a famous walker, and has never had a serious illness or called a doctor, except for an hour or two at childbirth. She has occasional headache, but it always yields to sleep and fasting, and she is otherwise a specimen of perfect health. If her church and charitable work did not oblige her to wear fashionable attire, I doubt not she would escape the headaches.

Twenty-two years ago a boy was given

us, but he seemed to have fallen heir to our united failings. His chest was narrow, his stomach weak, his head too large, and his nervous system set on edge. He cried constantly, and, when a year old, weighed but twelve pounds. Those were days that tried my code severely, for friends and neighbours offered medicated foods and countless potions, and thought us inhuman not to try them. Yet I now believe if we had yielded that frail child would not have lived. We gave him no medicine, not even soda or magnesia. Slowly he improved, but he was ten years old before we sent him more than half a day to school. Now, at twenty-two, he is a sturdy college boy, straight as an arrow, fond of football, and we sometimes wonder if he really was so frail. He has never tasted medicine or had occasion for a doctor's care.

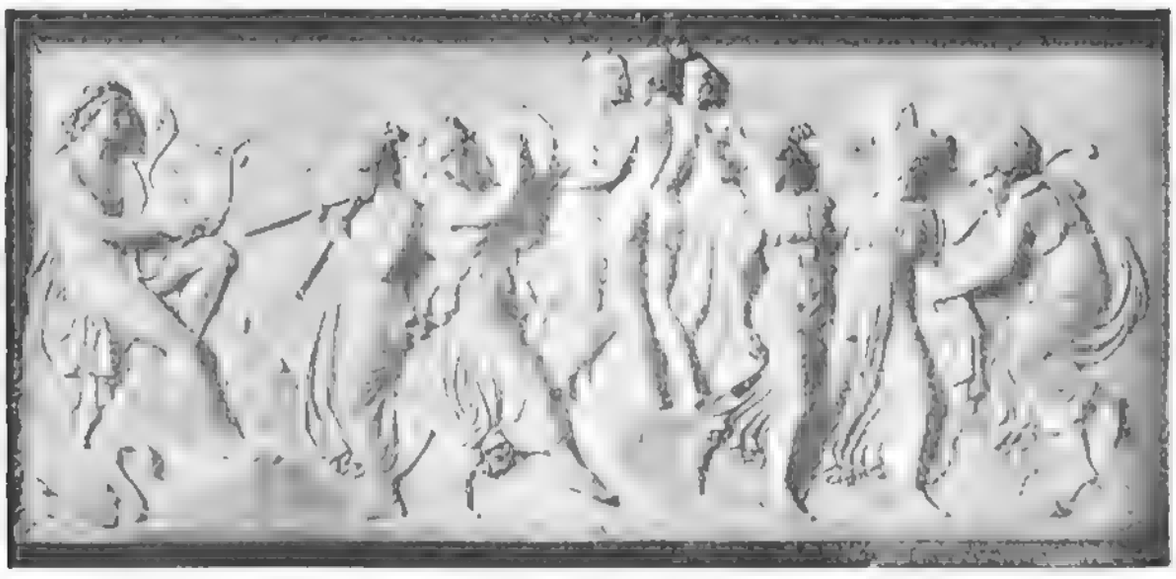
Thirteen years ago there came a daughter, a sweet and perfect baby, though of delicate frame. She has never been ill, and has proved, indeed, the sunshine of our house.

Not only have we escaped serious illness, but we have been free from nearly all the minor ailments that afflict our neighbours. None of us have had a toothache, or a boil, or a diarrhœa. No rheumatism or neuralgia has plagued us, and, if we are hurt, our flesh heals quickly.

At this point, let me mention an experiment in eating meat. We have friends who think our sparing use of it a mistake, and I once tried to eat it freely. At the end of a month I bruised my finger, not deeply, an injury that should have healed within ten days. It swelled instead, and became a painful, running sore. I slightly cut my toe, and that, too, swelled and discharged, and would not heal. After much suffering I changed my diet, ate mostly fruit, and worked more than usual in the open air. In two weeks both wounds were nearly well, and all my injuries since have healed promptly. Did I not prove that meat is a dangerous food, at least when freely used?

The secret of health seems to lie largely in keeping free from impurity. Not only must we avoid medicines and injurious foods, but we must be moderate in the use of all foods. Most of us live much indoors, breathing too little, and breathing bad air. Unless we have great self-control in eating, the cleansing organs are likely to become clogged and impurities to gather in the system, from which will come, sooner or later, disease.

Let me add that the mind has great power in keeping health and in restoring it if lost, but that is a subject too extensive for this article. I close with the hope that my experience will incite others to lead a hygienic life.



FROM AN ANTIQUE BAS-RELIEF.

WOMAN'S FEATS IN SPORT.

WONDERFUL PERFORMANCES BY THE MODERN GIRL.

By G. T. BURROWS (in "Sunday Chronicle").

* * *

WHILE womenfolk lag but little behind mankind in most of the sports into which they have entered, with that whole-hearted zest which even the curmudgeon must admire, they have undertaken accomplishments in some pastimes which have almost taken away the breath of hardened sportsmen

These performances increase yearly in their number—perhaps the prominence obtained thereby assists in their encouragement.

Grace and charm have undoubtedly been added to many sports, which in their exclusive masculinity were as uninviting and as rugged as the difficulties their feminine votaries have had to overcome.

From sprint racing even—a great pastime in some American women's colleges, where nothing could be neater than the students' costumes of jerseys and knickers—hockey, golf, and Alpine climbing, women have made such rapid strides that ere long a separate annual of records will have to be kept for them.

Making all allowances, woman's work in sport is meritorious when compared with that of man's. True, she can only throw a baseball 195 feet, against a man's 381 feet, but she can cover 100 yards in 13 1-5 sec., against a man's 9 3-5 sec.

Yet at half that distance woman can show a capital performance—6 3-5 sec., against 5¼ sec. masculine time—a fact which goes to prove that a properly-built woman, with chest development of the right sort, could, if trained,

MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN (the Australian Mermaid).

equal anything a man may attempt at crisp, fast sprint running.

A woman can drive a golf ball 234 yards; a man 387 yards; at long-jumping she fails by some ten feet, and at high-jumping some two feet. But if consistent training, almost rigid in its severity, as some men know it, were hers, the difference would be not so marked.

QUEEN OF THE SADDLE.

The want of entire reserve is perhaps responsible for it, but the women of America certainly hold the lead in daring accomplishments. Hard riders as Irish women are, and skilled huntresses as are the women of the Midlands of England, they must give first place to the girl-riders of America, who among themselves have just decided a novel championship.

The new Queen of the Saddle in Wyoming is Maggie Reid, a single girl, of Ashleigh, now holder of the title of world's champion "lady" roughrider.

When she outrode the ex-holder of the honour, Mrs. W. A. Irwin, of Cheyenne, and on a common cow-pony, too, the defeated horsewoman gripped her horse's neck and burst into a flood of tears—quite in the feminine way.

It was a sort of relay race—each of the five competitors being allowed three horses. It lasted three days, and every afternoon saw these daughters of the plains circle their track six times. As each woman came thundering in she brought her horse to a stand, unsaddled, flung her irons on to a fresh mount, tightened girths, and spurred off again.

Many level-thousand dollar bets were wagered upon nearly every heat, and the winning girl, as her prizes, won £450, a loving cup, a piano, and sets of silverware.

She was "seen home" by a small army of "cow-punchers," and is now preparing for a trip to Europe. Her mind is set upon riding in the spring in Rotten Row and the Champs Elysées.

LADY ALPINISTS.

Eighty per cent. of mankind would jib at tackling the feats of two ladies which stand out as particularly noticeable in the Alpine season just closed.

Mlle. G. Morel, of Lyons, mounted the Matterhorn from the Italian side, and at the most dangerous part of the climb she found the rails and cords broken. Until they could be mended, it took an hour to cover 200 yards—a record, surely.

Miss Edith L. Baker, a Chicago girl, climbed more mountains this season than any other alpinist. Mrs. Bullock Workman has attained a height of 23,390 feet in the Himalayas, and Miss Wynn, in February, 1904, ascended the Wetterhorn in 26¾ hours, a capital feat in winter.

Even the highest peak in the Andes Sorata, Bolivia, has been scaled by a woman, Miss A. S. Peck, of New York.

Mrs. Edward N. Dickerson, a well-made muscular votary of the rod, and the wife of a New York solicitor, is the champion fisherwoman of America. She hooked the largest giant mackerel, weighing 216 lb., after fighting the fish 105 minutes and very nearly being captured herself.

When her 216-lb. mackerel started reconnoitering, Mrs. Dickerson braced her feet against the bottom of her husband's launch, and matched her strength and weight against that of the big fish.

The long pull made her arms ache and feel as though they were being ripped from their sockets. She declined her husband's help. Swift jerks almost tore the rod from her hands, and as she drew the line in inch after inch, the fish lashed the water madly with his tail.

At the end of an hour the mackerel was in the boat, but he jumped out again, and again the lady fought him for another 45 minutes ere he beat his tail impotently at the bottom of the launch.

For two weeks after her struggle, Mrs. Dickerson could not obtain full use of her arms, so great had been the strain.

MEN'S RECORD BEATEN.

The craze for physical culture has left its impress upon the women of the entire world, but American girls have been most severely bitten by it, and beauty shows of strong and muscularly moulded matrons are the latest phases over there. Miss Marie Spitzener, of New Haven, Conn., was the heroine of highest honours in the national physical contests decided

in New York recently. Three years ago she was an object of loving sympathy, a hopeless invalid, claimed by consumption for an early grave. Grace, poise, strength, figure, perfect health, and physical endurance are all hers now. She is able to lift a dumb-bell of 450 lbs., and this despite the fact that she weighs but 130 lbs. herself, and stands only 5 ft. 3½ in. high.

Australia's mermaid, Miss Annette Kellermann, a swimmer with a mission, and by no means an entertainer of freak notions, has opened up great possibilities to womankind in her pastime.

On August 25 last, after six hours in the Channel, she had to leave the sea in consequence of an attack of nausea, after having accomplished quite the best performance of the many swimmers of both sexes out on the same errand.

On July 24 last year she swam from Dover to Ramsgate in four hours and twenty minutes, the only difference in that feat and the late Captain Webb's being that he actually entered the harbour and the lady did not.

There is one natatorial record wherein woman's work is better than man's—Miss Elsie Wallenda's feat of remaining under water for 4 minutes 45 2-5 secs., some seconds longer than the previous record.

Twenty miles in the Thames in 6 hours 25 minutes is another capital performance—to the credit of Miss Beckwith.

A phase of sport at which not many womenfolk would care to risk their necks is that of competing over jumps, hurdles, stone walls, and virtually in and out of sheep-pens, the contest which invariably winds up the agricultural shows of the United Kingdom.

The queen of the show ring is undoubtedly Mrs. Blockley, of Madeley, a slim, fair-haired lady. Always superbly mounted—for where is there a better jumper than her Omega, or the rich red Huntsman when I last saw him in her hands?—Mrs. Blockley is to the thousands of folk who attend shows what Miss Vesta Tilley is to the music halls.

It is the sight of a lifetime to watch this Staffordshire lady clearing a water jump much like that in front of the grand stand at Aintree. There is never the least hesitation, just a slight check of pace, ere she is well over the water and bowing acknowledgments to the cheers of the spectators.

Businesslike methods, backed up by brains, and a reformation in dress almost weird to English eyes, were the chief causes of the Lawn Tennis Championship of this country going to America—Miss M. Sutton, a smart little girl from the West, routing all English opposition. She literally brushed aside all British methods, and she won a title thousands of girls would give their sweethearts for.

One has only to visit the station of a big city about midday on any Saturday to note divers games which crowds of scurrying women and girls are hastening to play. And the student of character will there find something to interest him. But it is, perhaps, as well that poor Lady Florence Dixie's "British Women's Football Club" never became a thing in being. What we should have done with our womenfolk all practical footballers, one scarcely cares to speculate.

DONALD DINNIE.

Perhaps the most famous all-round athlete Scotland has produced.

DIET OF THE ANCIENT JEWS.

IN urging the necessity of a reformed diet we are often told that the ancient Hebrews, who were noted for their good health, ate largely of animal products, especially meat, condiments and other articles of diet not on the hygienists' bill of fare.

A careful study of the diet of God's chosen people will prove the reverse to be true. The diet of the Hebrews, like that of the Orientals, generally was simple and light and was mainly of vegetable quality, the staple food being bread. Except on festive occasions flesh was seldom eaten, the chief animal products being extensively milk and sour butter (the butter of the Jews being merely curdled milk or cream—*i.e.*, cheese unpressed—and never, as with us, the product of the churn, the process of churning being unknown to the ancients).

Besides the consumption in the form of bread, grain was eaten, sometimes green and sometimes roasted.

The bread was mostly of wheat, sometimes of rye, to which was often added the flour of millet, beans or lentils. The entire grain of the wheat was used, thereby constituting a perfect food in itself.

Fruits, being abundant, were another means of subsistence, especially the fig and the grape, which were eaten both green and dried, and frequently in the latter state pressed into cakes. Apple, citron, pomegranate, date, palm and sycamore trees were common, and the fruits of these yielded a goodly supply of food.

Of the vegetables proper the lentil and the bean, with other kinds of pulse, were used as food, in addition to which cucumbers, leeks and onions were eaten.

Honey and oil were important articles of diet, both being held in high esteem by the Jews.

As condiments besides salt, cinnamon, mint, anise, mustard and the spice of certain nuts were used.

From the above it will be seen that the ancient Hebrews were pretty good hygienists, so far, at least, as diet is concerned, as they subsisted mainly on food of a vegetable nature, perhaps not always from choice, but the results were just the same.

Now, as to the fresh foods they did eat. Undoubtedly they were of the very best, consisting only of the flesh of the ox under three years, the calf, the lamb, the kid, the fowl of various kinds, with their eggs, certain kinds of fish and even locusts. The flesh of the camel was eaten in the East, but was forbidden by the laws of Moses.

It may be truly said that the eating of meat by the Jews was a luxury instead of an every-meal article of diet. It is doubtful if the poorer Jews ever tasted meat except on feast days.

We must also remember that the meat eaten by these people was less liable to disease than the meat eaten at the present time. Their animals roamed free over the plains, were not fed on brewery slops or shipped many miles in dirty and ill-ventilated cars. The modern slaughter-house was unknown to them.—E. G. SCHAFER.

A Boxing *v.* Jiu-Jitsu Encounter in Paris.

A somewhat novel contest was witnessed on Saturday at the Hippodrome Bostock, Paris, between exponents of the two prominent styles of self-defence—boxing and Jiu-Jitsu. The respective representatives of the two methods were Marc Gaucher (heavy-weight French champion of English boxing) and Yukio Tani, the well-known exponent of Jiu-Jitsu.

The contest was not of long duration, a couple of short bouts serving to decide which of the two combatants was better served by his particular style of defence.

During the first meeting, the men occupied most of their time in searching for an opening, and no damage was done on either side. The second bout was more lively, but Gaucher, although he got in one telling blow, was soon in the clutches of the Jap, and both went to the ground.

Gaucher was firmly pinned down, and all his struggles to escape were fruitless. After a few seconds of useless resistance, Gaucher, who was nearly choked, gave in, and Tani was awarded the victory. Yukio Tani returns to London immediately.

DON'T LET THE YEARS COUNT.

The Secret of Perpetual Youth.

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN, in *Success*.

AGE will never succeed in retaining a youthful appearance and mentality until people make up their minds not to let the years count—until they cease to make the body old by the constant suggestions of the mind. We begin to sow the seed-thoughts of age in youth. We look forward to being old at forty-five, and to going down hill at fifty.

The very act of preparing for old age hastens it. As Job said, "The thing I feared most has come upon me." People who prepare for a thing and look for it, anticipating, fearing, dreading it in their daily lives, usually get it.

There is a great deal in the association of ideas. Never for a moment allow yourself to think that you are too old to do this or that, for your thoughts and convictions will very soon outpicture themselves in a wrinkled face and a prematurely old expression. There is nothing better established than the philosophy that we are what we think, and that we become like our thoughts.

Never smother the impulse to act in a youthful manner because you think you are too old. Recently, at a family gathering, the boys were trying to get their father, past sixty, to play with them. "Oh, go away, go away!" he said, "I am too old for that." But the mother entered into their sports, apparently with just as much enthusiasm and real delight as if she were only their age. The youthful spirit shone in her eyes and manifested itself in every movement. Her frolic with the boys explains why she looks so much younger than her husband, in spite of the very slight difference in their years.

Be always as young as you feel, and keep young by associating with young people and taking an interest in their interests, hopes, plans, and amusements. The vitality of youth is contagious.

When questioned as to the secret of his marvellous youthfulness, in his eightieth year, Oliver Wendell Holmes replied that it was due chiefly "to a cheerful disposition and invariable contentment in every period of my life with what I was. I never felt the pangs of ambition. . . . . It is restlessness, ambition, discontent, and disquietude that make us grow old prematurely by carving wrinkles on our faces. Wrinkles do not appear on faces that have constantly smiled. Smiling is the best possible massage. Contentment is the fountain of youth."

We need to practice the contentment extolled by the genial doctor, which is not the contentment of inertness, but the freeing ourselves from entagling vanities, petty cares, worries and anxieties, which hamper us in our real life-work. The sort of ambition he condemns is that in which egotism and vanity figure most conspicuously, and in which notoriety, the praise and admiration of the world, wealth, and personal aggrandisement are the objects sought, rather than the power to be of use in the world, to be a leader in the service of humanity, and to be the noblest, best, and most efficient worker that one can be.

It is the useless complexities in which vanity and unworthy ambition entangle us that wear away life and make so many Americans old men and women at forty. The simple life can be the fullest, noblest, and most useful. Rev. Charles Wagner, who is now among us, making his eloquent plea for simple living, says that a simple life and a strenuous life are not inconsistent, as a peaceful life and a vigorous life are not. In his little book, "The Simple Life," he shows most effectively how our needless complexities of thought and feeling cause us to waste energies that should be concentrated on useful ends. He emphasises the fact that by our worrying and vexation of spirit

we rob ourselves of vigour that, rightly employed, would accomplish valuable results.

If you would live long, love your work and continue doing it. Don't lay it down at fifty, because you think your powers are on the wane, or that you need a rest. Take a vacation whenever you require it, but don't give up your work. There is life—there is outh in it. "I cannot grow old," says a noted actress, "because I love my art. I spend my life absorbed in it. I am never bored. How can one have lines of age or weariness or discontent when one is happy, busy, never fatigued, and one's spirit is ever, ever young? When I am tired it is not my soul, but just my body."

A lagging step, a crippled form, and signs of decreptitude are evidences of wrong thinking and of ignorant or irregular living. Look at Susan B. Anthony, the veteran reformer, in her eighty-fifth year, and at Mrs. Gilbert, the veteran actress, in her eighty-third! Who thinks of these splendid workers as old, or failing, or left behind by younger competitors? Miss Anthony is as vigorous and full of enthusiasm in her work to-day as she was half a century ago. At the international congress of women, held in Berlin during the past summer, she was easily the most prominent among the representative women of the world gathered there, and one of the most active. Mrs. Gilbert, the oldest actress now on the stage, is this season "starring" in a new play. These women never thought of laying down their work or of growing old at fifty or sixty. They have found the great drama of humanity too interesting to give up their parts.

"We do not count a man's years," said Emerson, "until he has nothing else to count." It is not the years that age us so much as the use we make of them, and the way we live them. Excesses of any kind are fatal to longevity or the prolongation of youth.

Bitter memories of a sinful life which has gone all wrong make premature furrows in the face, take the brightness from the eyes, and the elasticity from the step, and make one's life sapless and uninteresting.

The Bible teaches that a clean life, a pure life, a simple life, and a useful life, shall be long. "His flesh shall be fresher than a child's. He shall return to the days of his youth."

We grow old because we do not know enough to keep young, just as we become sick and diseased because we do not know enough to keep well. Sickness is a result of ignorance and wrong thinking. The time will come when a man will no more harbour thoughts that will make him sick or weak than he would think of putting his hands into fire. No man can be sick if he always has right thoughts and takes ordinary care of his body. If he will think only youthful thoughts he can maintain his youth far beyond the usual period.

If you would "be young when old," adopt the sun-dial's motto—"I record none but hours of sunshine." Never mind the dark or shadowed hours. Forget the unpleasant, unhappy days. Remember only the days of rich experiences; let the others drop into oblivion.

It is said that "long livers are great hopers." If you keep your hope bright in spite of discouragements, and meet all difficulties with a cheerful face, it will be very difficult for age to trace its furrows on your brow. There is longevity in cheerfulness.

"Don't let go of love, or love of romance; they are amulets against wrinkles." If the mind is constantly bathed in love, and filled with helpful, charitable sentiments toward all, the body will keep fresh and vigorous many years longer than it will if the heart is dried up and emptied of human sympathy by a selfish, greedy life. The heart that is kept warm by love is never frozen by age or chilled by prejudice, fear, or anxious thought. A French beauty used to have herself massaged with mutton tallow every night, in order to keep her muscles elastic and her body supple. A better way of preserving youthful elasticity is coming into vogue—massaging the mind with love thoughts, beauty thoughts, cheerful thoughts, and young ideals.

If you do not want the years to count, look forward instead of backward, and

put as much variety and as many interests into your life as possible. Monotony and lack of mental occupation are great age-producers. Women who live in cities, in the midst of many interests and great variety, preserve their youth and good looks, as a rule, much longer than women who live in remote country places, who get no variety into their lives, and who have no interests outside their narrow daily round of monotonous duties, which require no exercise of the mind. Insanity is an alarmingly increasing result of the monotony of women's lives on the farm. Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt, "who seem to have the ageless brightness of the stars," attribute their youthfulness to action, change of thought and scene, and mental occupation. It is worth noting, too, that farmers who live so much outdoors, and in an environment much more healthful than that of the average brain-worker, do not live so long as the latter.

When Solon, the Athenian sage, was asked the secret of his strength and youth, he replied that it was "learning something new every day." This belief was general among the ancient Greeks—that the secret of eternal youth is "to be always learning something new."

There is the basis of a great truth in the idea. It is healthful activity that strengthens and preserves the mind as well as the body and gives it youthful quickness and elasticity. So, if you would be young, in spite of the years, you must remain receptive to new thought, and must grow broader in spirit, wider in sympathy, and more and more open to fresh revelations of truth as you travel farther on the road of life.

But the greatest conqueror of age is a cheerful, hopeful, loving spirit. A man who would conquer the years must have charity for all. He must avoid worry, envy, malice, and jealousy—all the small meannesses that feed bitterness in the heart, trace wrinkles on the brow, and dim the eye. A pure heart, a sound body, and a broad, healthy, generous mind, backed by a determination not to let the years count, constitute a fountain of youth which everyone may find in himself.

Note the leg-hold of the up-lifted man.

The Cornish Style of Wrestling.

1. The hold shall be obtained by the jacket, and the jacket only, the hold being altered as often as the wrestlers please.

2. The wrestlers shall compete in their stockinged feet or wearing rubber gymnasium shoes, and kicking shall not be permitted; but striking with the side of the foot shall not be deemed kicking.

3. A wrestler shall not be permitted to grasp the collar of his opponent's jacket with both hands so as to throttle him.

4. A fall shall be obtained when a wrestler is thrown, so that both his shoulders (and one or both hips, as may be agreed beforehand) touch the ground at the same moment. If a wrestler be thrown down and no fall made, he shall rise to his feet and the bout commenced afresh, no rest whatever being allowed.

5. Two judges and a referee shall decide any competition or contest, the latter to be appealed to if the judges disagree, and his decision shall be final. One judge shall not have the power to give a decision.

6. The referee shall have the power to decide any point not provided for in these rules.

I GO IN FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE.

(A Plymouth Reader writes calling attention to the value of humour as being the very salt of life, and encloses the following contribution to the Magazine "Salt-Box.")

THE other day, a "friend" advised me to undergo a course of physical training, and I was fool enough to listen to his flowery language. He showed me photos by the score of great men—men whose muscles stood out like sparrow's kneecaps—beg pardon, I mean "iron bands." I became quite enthusiastic at last and, after wading through hosts of catalogues, sent away for an expensive outfit. I was in a fever of impatience to commence my training, and could scarcely wait for the apparatus to arrive. It arrove.

My first lesson was with a pair of nine-pound dumb-bells—nothing like starting with plenty of weight, you know. The first swing of my arm nearly carried me through the window of my room. I saved myself with an effort, but the dumb-bell went. It crashed down into the street below, coming to a sudden stop against the head of a burly coal-heaver, who was passing at the time singing, "Even me! let some droppings fall on me!" or some such rot. He got it—the droppings, I mean. Somehow he did not seem at all pleased, neither did he take it as a good joke, as I should have expected, for he paid me an unconventional visit. What transpired during that friendly call it is unnecessary to state.

When I came out of hospital I determined to persevere. I never hold a very high opinion of the man who gives up at the first little failure. Seeing that dumb-bells did not agree with me, I had a go, after much deliberation, at club swinging. This time I got in one good swing without doing anything extraordinary, but the second swing carried away the incandescent mantle and gas bracket, making a great deal more noise than was necessary for the occasion, bringing the landlady to my room in a great state of alarm and indignation. She actually bullied me—she did!

Well, I decided that clubs and dumb-bells were altogether too heavy to start with, so I got a chap to give me a month's instruction in the noble art of self-defence—he was a sixteen stone heavy-weight champion, or something; I forget exactly. Anyhow, after being knocked into a pulp continuously for three weeks or so, I considered myself a fairly decent hand with the gloves. Luckily, there was a fair staying just outside the town, so I visited one of the side shows one evening—a boxing booth they called it. A big chap on a high platform made a great noise with a rattle, and challenged any one of the audience to box four rounds with him. I felt sure I could take a little tone out of him, so boldly took him up. He said something impertinent about "fetchin' yer ole man," but I had the satisfaction of knowing that I should be able to take a rise out of him later on, so, like a wise man, I curbed my temper, merely insisting on accepting the challenge.

The stretcher that bore me away from that booth was extremely soft, and the escort of policemen most kind and considerate. I was obliged to spend the next few weeks between the sheets, but it mattered little, as I needed a short holiday. It would but serve to strengthen and nerve me for my gymnastic work—for I was determined to succeed and make a name for myself in the sporting world, that would be handed down to grateful posterity. I did! I was caricatured and snap-shotted for weeks and weeks, and figured prominently in the sporting papers. Interviewers hung around my door by day, and reporters by night—but, there, that is but one of the little worries of the famous.

After my former experiences, I discarded apparatus of every kind, and tried a little hand-balancing. I turned a complete somersault and alighted on the spine of my back instead of my feet. I was

able to rise in about three-quarters of an hour with comparative ease. The landlady again had something to say—about the scratching of the new wall paper. The idea!

My last performance seemed to bring home the fact that apparatus—light apparatus, mind—was the best after all. I invested in the latest pattern chest expander. The spring must have been much too strong—a careless oversight on the part of the makers—for one of the handles slipped out of my hand and smote me violently under the left eyebrow. I bear the scar still.

Not to be beaten I tried again. I came to the conclusion that I had been labouring within too small a compass—I should try something bigger. Weight-lifting appealed strongly to my sportive nature, and I announced my intention to the landlady, who, by the by, is always greatly interested in my welfare. She said I should be doing something much more useful if I lent a hand in bringing in the new furniture which had just arrived. Now, I always did like helping needy persons, and here was an opportunity of paying back my dear landlady for the little inconveniences I may have caused her from time to time. I would show her what I could do when I tried. I did. I ran upstairs with a grand piano on my back and, like the man in the famous song, I "trod on a stair that wasn't there"—!—!—Kismet.

They actually had the impudence to send up the following bill while I was propped up in bed, my throbbing head and aching limbs swathed in cold bandages:—

To ———, Esq.	£	s.	d.
Gymnastic apparatus	15	7	0
Putting in window pane	0	5	0
Doctor's fees	3	3	0
Fitting gas bracket and mantle	0	7	6
One month's boxing instruction	1	0	0
Embrocation, oils, etc.	0	5	0
More doctor's fees	2	2	0
Replacing damaged wallpaper	0	4	0
Eye plasters, pads, etc.	0	10	0
Repairing piano	3	10	0
Total	26	13	6

Stand Firm.

ERNEST NEAL LYON.

Is yours the post of duty—danger, too?
It is the only work a man should do.
Attention! Eyes in front! Now see it through!
Stand firm!

The hardest task—that falterers may shun—
Ah, that is where the laurel's to be won!
How sweet the victor-song at setting sun!
Stand firm!

The prophet-soul—the martyr—singing free
In clearer ether—though we cannot see—
Yet hover near us, bidding you and me
Stand firm!

I think the restless spirits of the brave
Are calling—far above the sodden grave—
"Protect the heritage we died to save—
Stand firm!"

In distant futures—when our children try
The deathless battle 'twixt the pit and sky
May we inspire them with this ringing cry:
"Stand firm!"

ACROSS the bridge of Do-it-now there lies the town of Get-there.

IT is better to be a good man in a bad place than a bad man in a good one.

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Oldest Acrobat in England.

HENRY JOHNSON, of Grantham, who boasts that he is the oldest acrobat in England, entered on his hundredth year recently. In spite of his years, he is as lithe and active as many a man sixty years his junior.

Johnson has lived in the reigns of five British sovereigns, and prides himself on the fact that he has performed before three of them—King William IV, Queen Victoria, and King Edward VII, when he was Prince of Wales. He is now quietly enjoying the evening of his life at Grantham, and he hopes to live for many years to come.

Johnson was born on Christmas Day, 1806, at Norwich, but his recollection of his childhood is very hazy, says the *Daily Express*. He remembers that he was left an orphan at a very early age, and had a hard struggle to maintain himself. His elder brother wanted him to become a hostler, but his ambition had been fired by seeing a troupe of travelling acrobats, and he rejected the suggestion with scorn. He attained his ambition when still in his teens by becoming a tight-rope walker and an equestrian acrobat with a small travelling troupe.

His first important engagement was obtained before he was twenty years old, with Hughes' circus, and he accompanied it to China; but things did not go well with the circus there, and a proposal to reduce his salary led to his return to England. He paid his way by entertaining the captain and passengers, and, on the ship, he made the acquaintance of the Chinese juggler, Mullaba, with whom he afterwards formed a partnership, which lasted for many years.

Johnson's first experience with royalty was when he and Mullaba performed before King William IV. at Aylesbury, and the King was so pleased with them that he commanded them to appear before him at Buckingham Palace.

They travelled to London by coach, and the King rewarded them with fifty guineas each, and gave them a royal license to perform in any town, city, or village in the United Kingdom. Later he performed before Queen Victoria at Windsor, and before King Edward VII (then Prince of Wales) at Sandringham.

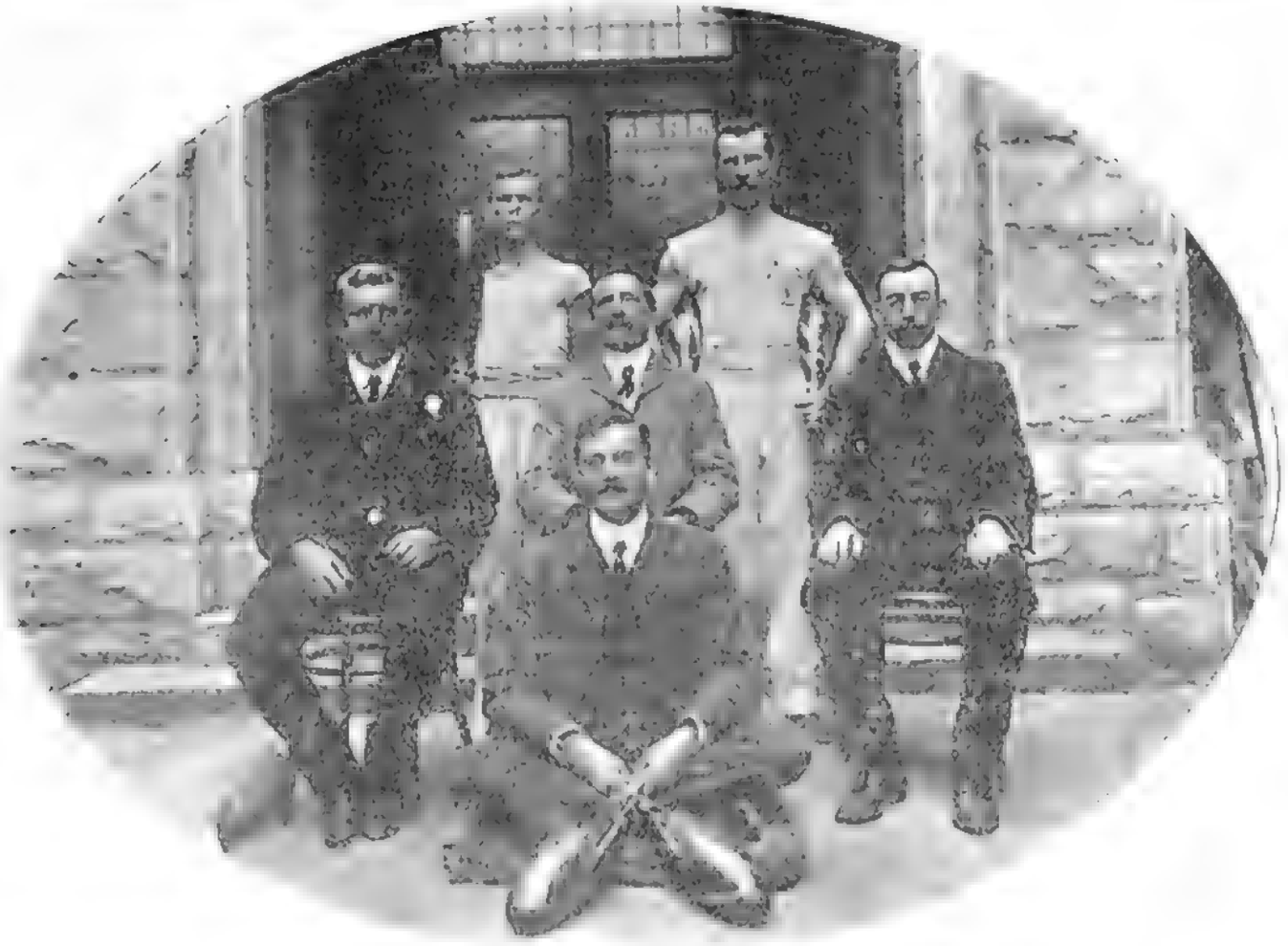
Johnson, in spite of his great age, is still in possession of all his faculties. He can walk about with the activity of a much younger man, and, some time ago, he made a bet that he would dance a hornpipe on a table. A few weeks ago he challenged a local horse-dealer to a walking match, but although the horse-dealer is twenty years his junior, he declined the match.

Johnson confesses that he likes a pipe of tobacco occasionally and a drop of whisky, "but only to keep out the cold," he says. "I have never made a fool of myself with it yet, and never will."

A COWBOY PIANIST.—Colonel John Abernathy, who was made deputy sheriff of Comanche County for President Roosevelt's hunting trip last spring, is said to be the only real cowboy who is capable of playing the piano with the ease of a master. Born in Bosque County, Texas, in 1876, he began to train as a cowboy when only eight years old. At Galveston he pursued his musical studies in his spare time, and finally eloped with the niece of his master, being married barely five minutes before the arrival of the officer who had been despatched to arrest him. Colonel Abernathy has before now checked a wolf with his bare hands, and as a cowboy and horse breaker has few rivals.

HANDS IN POCKETS.—A memorandum recently issued from the United States flagship Chicago is as follows:—"The Commander-in-Chief desires to explain that trousers pockets were not meant for the transportation of over-heavy or idle hands, as some seem to believe, but for carrying about sundry small and useful articles not permanently attached to the human frame. Officers who are unable to resist the temptation to misapply the convenient trousers pockets might strengthen their good resolutions by sewing up these two inviting orifices."

GOLF AS A TONIC.—However much doctors may disagree on other points, they are practically unanimous in prescribing golf as an exercise cure, and often in cases which ordinary medicinal treatment has failed to relieve. There is a story told of a sporting character who had hunted, fished, attended races, and generally "kept things going" until he had upset his health, and made the calling in of a doctor absolutely necessary. "There's only one thing you need to put you right," said the physician. "You must go in for golf." "Good Lord, doctor!" exclaimed the sufferer. "Am I as bad as all that?" However, after a month's treatment on the links, he repented him of his wicked words, and lived happily ever after.—*Golfing*.



J. MORRIS (2nd). H. J. THOMAS (Winner).

Commodore M. GOODALL (T.B.Y.C.) (*Judge*). T. W. BURROWS ("*King of Clubs*"). GEO. ROBERTS (½-mile Champion) (*Judge*).

F. B. BARLING (Champion S.A.) (*Referee*).

Club Swinging.—Amateur Championship of Cape Colony.

The above championship, inaugurated by Tom Burrows, was concluded at the Tivoli Theatre last night before a splendid audience, the finalists, who were introduced by Tom Burrows, being A. W. Herley with a total of 100 points out of a possible 200; H. J. Thomas, of the Spartan Harriers, with 110 points; and J. Morris, of the G.P.O., with 100 points. A. W. Herley was the first to appear, but only secured 90 points, as he did not swing so good as previously, and kept repeating certain movements. H. J. Thomas, who next appeared, although somewhat stiff, had improved on the previous evening, and gained 115 points. His windmills were accurate and well executed, and outward circles good; but his inward movements were splendid. The last competitor was J. Morris, who secured 105 points. He showed a variety of well-executed movements, but missed his parallel circle on one side. At the conclusion of a very capable exposition, Mr. F. Barling, the referee, after first explaining to the audience the meaning of "knob swinging," for which fault two previous competitors were disqualified, announced the awards as follows: H. J. Thomas, 115 points, 1; J. Morris, 105 points, 2; H. W. Herley, 90 points, 3. The competitors, as they came forward to receive their prizes, met with a splendid reception. The winner, Mr. H. J. Thomas, is an old pupil of Tom Burrows, "the King of Clubs," who followed on with his farewell performance by swinging two clubs and introducing all his latest glides and rolls, followed up by swinging two sharp swords blindfolded, and heavy Australian axes, for which he received a magnificent reception at the conclusion of his display.—*Cape Times*.

THE WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' YEAR BOOK.—The 1906 edition of this invaluable book is now ready. I believe the price is 1s. 6d., and I cannot conceive money better spent by the literary or artistic worker desirous of having always on hand a book of reference to the openings for profitable work. The book, too, should prove useful from a suggestive point of view, i.e., the writer or artist who looks through it when at a loss for both an idea and a market has certainly not won his spurs who fails to find inspiration from the many pointed references it contains. The book can be obtained through Our Readers' Library, postage 2d. extra.

Sandow Magazine Readers' Club.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—One may Help Many.

For the exchange of ideas, personal experiences and photos for the encouragement of Club Members. Every Reader is a Club Member.

Readers are expected to act up to the Club Motto.

and for services rendered the President will award to the sender of every published idea, experience or photo. the Club Fellowship Medal as a token that the rightful owner has earned the Fellowship of the Club.

Not the Same Chance, but Making the Most of it.

DEAR SIR,—I have been taking your "Mag." now for about one year, and I bought your developer about the same time, but I am very sorry to state that I did not take much interest in it (as I should) in the beginning, as I am afraid I must admit that I was too fond of a glass of beer, so that I was not always fit, but last May I became a "teetee" for a bit, and that is about the time that I began to take regular exercises every morning. I have kept it up ever since, and now I have turned "teetee" for good, I hope.

I am a tailor by trade, 29 years of age, and only one leg, that is taken out of the socket; so that I have not the same chance as the rest of the boys. Yours, with all the compliments of the season, H. G.

9, Coronation Street,
The Leys, Tamworth, Staffs.

DEAR MR. SANDOW,—When I was stationed in Aden, at Steamers' Point, with my regiment (the Buffs), I had the pleasure of seeing you and your pupil—and what a fine-made man he was—and, after the entertainment was over, I made up my mind to go in for Physical Culture.

After I found out what could be done, I started, with two more of my chums, when we returned off furlough last March. We started with your 12s. 6d. Developer, taking turns in the evenings in our barrack-room, but now we have a spare room to do our work in.

We got a lot of chaff when we started, but took no notice of it, and stuck to it just the same. Now, I have got your Grip Dumb-bells.

I was working, one evening, when one of my chums in the room came down and saw the "grips," and he asked me to let him go halves in them, and I let him do so, and he was very pleased.

Since I started, I have got four of my chums to go in for it, and they like it very much. They see the results of constant "pegging away" at it.

When I return off furlough, I am going to do my utmost to get more of my chums to go in for Physical Culture.

I use the "grips" every night and morning. I left my Developer with a new recruit. He had a "go" for a fortnight with the "grips," but had to leave off when I took them with me on furlough. I hope to have a class doing grip dumb-bells every evening—it would just be my delight.

My age is 32, and when they see what Physical Culture has done for me they will then believe in it—seeing is believing with most men in the Army.

I am a constant reader of your valuable "mag.," and I think it is a very good book indeed. I hope very soon to send you my photo. (front and back), and I hope to see it inserted if you think it is worth putting in.

I was very pleased to see that Mr. Kenyon was the first recipient of SANDOW MAGAZINE Readers' Club Fellowship Medal, and may he live long to enjoy it.

Yours for health and strength,

ALFRED GUNSTON.

	June 1. Age 32.	Dec. 20. Age 32.
Height	5 ft. 9 inches	
Neck	14½ "	14 inches.
Chest (cont.)	"	38 "
Bicep (R)	13½ "	13½ "
Bicep (L)	13 "	13¼ "
Forearm (R)	11½ "	11 "
Forearm (L)	11 "	10½ "
Wrist (R)	7 "	7 "
Wrist (L)	6¾ "	7 "
Thigh (R)	18" "	18½ "
Thigh (L)	18½ "	18½ "
Calf (R)	14 "	13 "
Calf (L)	14 "	13 "
Knee (R)	13½ "	13½ "
Knee (L)	13½ "	13 "
Waist	28 "	27½ "
Weight	9 st. 7 lbs	

A Willing Helper.

Bolton.

DEAR SIR,—I see, in your "mag.," you have started a Club, called the "SANDOW MAGAZINE Readers' Club." I see you give a medal to every reader who sends you an idea, experience, or photo., which is published in your "mag."

The following is an idea of mine:—In Bolton there are plenty of factories and foundries, and the town is very smoky, and the air impure. The result is, there are plenty of weak and ailing lads and lassies. Now, I should like to see these lads and lassies enjoying as good health

as I enjoy. I have been trying to think what I could do for them, but find that, by myself, I can only do little, so I have come to the conclusion that if you would give some small circulars, containing something about health to them, it would be a great help to the poor people. Let the circulars contain a photo. of you, and a testimonial of some pupil who has gained extraordinary health and strength through following out your advice; also let there be an advertisement regarding your 2d. "mag.," which is, without doubt, the best "mag." on the market. I daresay there are some of your Readers who would gladly give them out for you, if it is only to help pay you back a little bit for what you have done for them. I, myself, would gladly give away, say, five hundred, for I would like to see Bolton as much to the fore as any other town in Physical Culture. Not only that, but I have to thank your splendid "mag." for my present health.

The following is a correct statement about myself:—If you remember, about three months ago, I sent to you for particulars of your system of "Curative Physical Culture." You sent me all about it. Up to that time I do not ever remember being well. I had tried all sorts of medicines, but not one ever did any more than just relieve me temporarily. I had almost given up hope, when I decided to look through some of the back numbers of your "mag." that I had by me. I commenced studying the health hints given in them, then I started acting up to them. That was three months since, and to-day I feel a new man. I bought a pair of common dumb-bells (3 lbs.), and a friend of mine gave me a chart containing your spring grip exercises. I started that day, and I don't think I shall ever give it up. My health and strength are better, and my work is a pleasure to me now. The following are my measurements before I started and now:—

(Before. Age 18yr. 1 mth.)		(Now. Age 18 yr. 4 mth).	
Weight	...7st. 4 lbs.	Weight	8 st. 10lbs.
Height	5 ft. 6 inches	Height	5 ft. 6 inches
Chest (con.) ...	29½ "	Chest (con.)	30 "
Chest (nor.) ...	30½ "	Chest (nor.) ...	31½ "
Chest (exp.) ...	31½ "	Chest (exp.) ...	35 "
Waist	25 5-16 "	Waist	25½ "
Upper arm (R)	9 9-16 "	Upper arm (R)	11½ "
Upper arm (L)	9 5-16 "	Upper arm (L)	11½ "
Forearm (R) ...	9 "	Forearm (R) ...	11½ "
Forearm (L) ...	8½ "	Forearm (L) ...	10½ "
Hips	30 13-16 "	Hips	31 "
Thigh (R)	16½ "	Thigh (R)	17 "
Thigh (L)	16½ "	Thigh (L)	17 "
Calf (R) ...	10 15-16 "	Calf (R)	11½ "
Calf (L) ...	10 15-16 "	Calf (L)	11½ "
Ankle (R)	7½ "	Ankle (R)	7½ "
Ankle (L)	7½ "	Ankle (L)	7½ "
Neck	13 "	Neck	13½ "

Wishing you success.—Yours truly,

ROBERT LEVER.

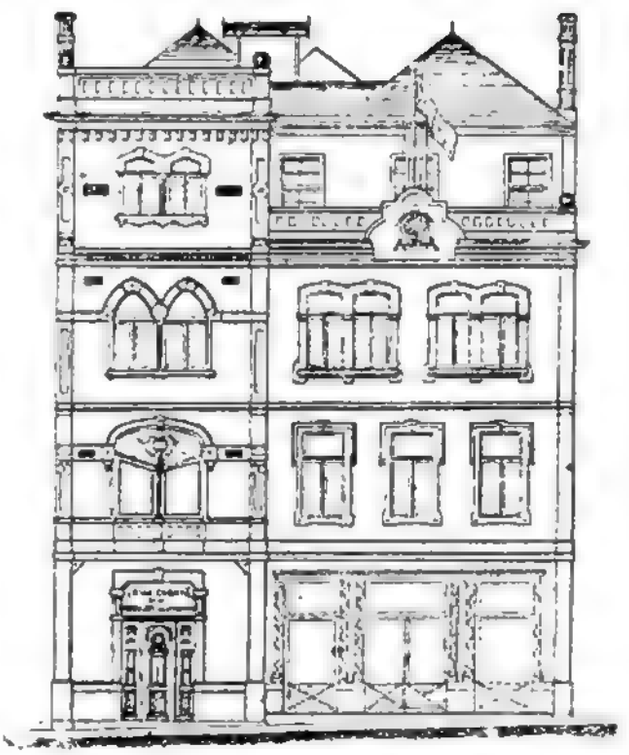
A Letter from a Portuguese Reader.

Porto, Portugal.

SIR,—My object in this letter is to ask you a very important question.

"Is your method *better* than Ling's method, or Swedish gymnastics?"

It is being adopted in our *public schools* very recently. Please prove me through arguments



NEW Y.M.C.A. BUILDING, PORTO, PORTUGAL.

at your earliest convenience, because I am greatly devoted to your *excellent* system, and for this reason I wish you prove me through strong reasons the superiority of your physical education over Ling's method. Kindly answer to me through your SANDOW'S MAGAZINE, of which I'm a subscriber through a friend of mine in your town, or through a letter directed to me.

I'm a Portuguese Protestant boy, studying in one business University in my town (Porto), belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association, the Protestant Association, of which I send you a picture (postcard). (This fine building, kindly given to the Portuguese Young Men by Mr. Wright and his wife, was opened only two days ago, and it is not quite ready, because we are getting *furniture*—tables, chairs, etc.) I *believe* this Association, through my efforts and influence, will adopt your method; and, besides, I have an uncle of mine who has a Sandow's gymnasium in Porto, and he is doing *your* exercises for eight to ten years ago (I think).

I expect so you will not require no payment by this chat, because I'm *a poor* student, and it is of great interest to you in *spreading* your very good hygienic method among my school-fellows. God bless your gymnastics *over all* the world!

"Hints from Sandow," by Rev. Bellamy, is a very good book, Mr. Sandow.

Excuse me my boldness, and this bad English and writing. With thanks, I'm your sincerely,

H. T.

I was very pleased to receive this interesting letter, as it proves that Physical Culture is spreading all over the world. In reply to my correspondent,

the methods of Ling—one of the early pioneers of Physical Culture—would prove scarcely so attractive or effective in results as modern Physical Culture methods. The Swedish system is more suited to mass than individual work, whereas my system is suitable for both. I wish the Porto Y.M.C.A. Institute every success, and I and my Readers will be pleased to hear of progress made from time to time.

Had No Muscle at all.

Rotherham.

SIR,—Last year I was having a game of football, when I slipped and fell, injuring my wrist for eight weeks. I was dressing it with liniment and attending the doctor, when a friend offered to lend me a pair of your Grip Dumb-bells. At first it was very painful, but in a fortnight I could use my hand. I owe it to the use of the dumb-bells. After finding so much benefit from them, I determined to go in for a whole course of Physical Culture. I got your Developer and two books, "Strength," and "Body Building," and read them through, and then started practising the movements.

I must say that before I started I had no muscle at all. My neck was 13 in., chest (exp.) 33 in., biceps only 9½ in. I enclose my photos. (back and front), so that you may see the improvement.

Neck	14½ inches	Hips	34 inches
Chest	34½ "	Calf (R)	13 "
Chest (con.) ..	33½ "	Calf (L)	12½ "
Chest (exp.) ..	37½ "	Ankle (R)	8½ "
Biceps (R)	11½ "	Ankle (L)	8½ "
Biceps (L)	11½ "	Thigh (R)	19½ "
Forearm (R) ...	11½ "	Thigh (L)	18½ "
Forearm (L) ...	11½ "	Wrist	7 "
Waist	29½ "		

I also take your "Mag." weekly, and think it the best on the market. I pass them along, and try to get others to take it.—Yours truly,

P. E. STACEY.

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

Dublin.

DEAR SIR,—I write to you a few weeks ago, telling you I felt very drowsy after drinking tea, and asking you the best way to stop drinking it.

One day I read about breathing, and started it about a week ago for about twenty minutes each day. I was surprised at the way the drowsiness left me, and am also now enjoying splendid health.

I think all I want now is your developer, to make me gain strength.

I read your magazine every week, and think it is very good value for the money. I showed your paper to some friends, and when they read the statements of other readers they said it was impossible for such things to happen, so I said, "Where there's a will there's a way," and that I would try and show them whether it was impossible or not.—Yours truly, D. P.

Colne, Lancs.

January 11.

DEAR SIR,—I commenced your system of Physical Culture at the age of 16, using two-pound dumb-bells for six months; then I followed your postal instructions for three months, and at the end of that time I felt as strong again, and had developed my muscles wonderfully. I am now 22 years of age, and what it has done for me it will do for others with a little perseverance and work, and they will be amply repaid for their trouble. If more people in England would study the laws of health and exercise as given in Sandow's system, if only for twenty minutes a day, it would do a lot in preventing the deterioration of the race.

DAVID SHETT.

[D. S. encloses a copy of the Colne United Congregational Society's syllabus for 1906, which includes physical culture classes for both sexes, rambling and cycling clubs, library, debating society, &c. This excellent little booklet seems to cater for all the profitable social instincts, and might well be used as a model for other religious and social communities.—THE EDITOR.]

Why Not Use Both Hands?

SIR,—The article on "Ambidexterity" in your magazine of the 11th inst. should do much to remove the irrational prejudice against symmetrical development of the hands which is so pronounced amongst a very select class of the community.

Why people, and more particularly educated and scientific people, not even excluding medical men, should so strongly advocate symmetrical development in the whole body, and yet strongly, nay, angrily, condemn symmetrical hand culture (and hence of necessity symmetrical brain organization also) appears to me the only strange and anomalous feature in this glorious agitation in favour of physical training, to which the last few years have given birth.

My object, however, in writing you is not merely to express my entire approval of the article in question, but to briefly supplement its valuable contribution to the cause of a general two-handedness, by pointing out the *greater* benefits, the much more valuable advantages, that inevitably attend ambidextral culture, and that can be obtained by no other means at present known to man. I refer to the mental and moral effects of bi-manual training on the child, and on the adult.

An illustrative, and perhaps the most recent deliverance, certainly one of the most authoritative and valuable, on the direct and beneficial effects of hand culture upon the mind and brain, is found in the paper on "Physical Training," read at the North of England Education Conference, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 6th of January,

1906, by Thos. Oliver, M.A., M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., Professor of Physiology College of Medicine; Physician, Royal Infirmary, Newcastle; Medical Expert, Home Office, etc. The paper should be read by every person interested in education throughout the British Empire.

The distinguished author sums up his admirable section on the vital inter-relation between the hands and the two brain lobes in the following pregnant words: "This circumstance naturally raises the question as to how far children should be taught to use indiscriminately the muscles of both arms, and thus through ambidexterity assist the development of the two sides of the brain equally, and not on one side only, as occurs in single-handedness. It would almost appear as if man, by his interference and deference to social custom, had succeeded in restricting the area of future activities in the brain. Ambidexterity can widen these. The use of both hands in children should be therefore encouraged, for experience has shown that there is no enfeeblement but a strengthening of the mental powers in consequence."

Even more emphatic in their statements do we find other medical specialists, who have given much time and attention to this momentous question, and they positively declare that brain organization, or quickening and developing of brain cells, is a factor of inestimable importance in our education, for it will bring about a material raising of the standard of efficiency (in general intelligence) both in the individual and in the nation.

What sane man or woman can object to this elevation of the people, or to the effort to render a neglected and only partially developed hand more dextrous, strong, and useful?

Of medical men who resent any further culture of the left hand we have only met with four or five who have had the temerity to risk their reputation by a public statement of their adverse opinions.

The first says that ambidexterity is absolutely impossible, and that it works life-long injury upon the individual; yet he utterly fails to produce one single instance of even a disadvantage, much less of any absolute harm, accruing to any ambidexter by reason of his two-handedness. He, however, grants a certain quasi-expertness in the sinistral limb.

The second occupies many weary pages in the elaboration of hair-splitting differences between *similar* and the *same* functions or movements being performed by the two hands; and he attempts to differentiate between the respective powers and duties pertaining to them, yet still allocating to the left hand a very considerable amount of manual skill!

The third immolates himself on the altar of pure speculation, and grounds his argument on two unproved and grotesque assumptions: 1st, that one-handedness, or undexterity, is inevitable and irrevocable, being the natural and irresistible effect of a twist of the cæcum; and 2nd, that Mother Nature has herself, in spite of this physiological or anatomic fact and fiat, already made man ambidextrous, and has invested him with "*extraordinary bimanual dexterity*"; and he also maintains that "ordinarily trained men are possessed of a real ambidexterity." Nevertheless, in the face of these admissions and declarations, he says the idea of making man more ambidextrous by education "is futile"!

The fourth, in the very middle of a paper on the necessity of Physical Culture, and specially of "Symmetrical Development," contents himself by saying, "I do not advocate ambidexterity"—that is, symmetrical manual development—and he leaves the question in that most unsatisfactory muddle.

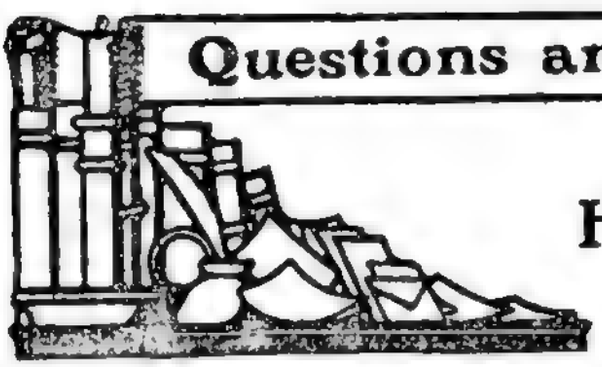
Now, finally, we challenge these objectors to prove that it is an advantage to the individual to possess a partially developed, and hence a defective, eye, ear, hand or foot; and we likewise challenge them to instance a single condition in life where the possession of two perfectly developed and dextrous hands could be disadvantageous to their owner; whilst on the other side it cannot be gainsaid that there are innumerable occasions in life where the possession of a clumsy left hand has proved calamitous and fatal, where it has blighted the prospects or spoiled the life of its owner; and lastly, that there is hardly a handicraft or trade, a sport or pastime, a profession or occupation, that would not be immeasurably benefitted were our labourers, our artizans, our athletes, our sportsmen, surgeons, scientists, soldiers, sailors, scribes and workers in general as skilful in the use of their two hands as unfortunately, they now are in the use of only one. Indeed, it may be said that in the domain of handwriting alone ambidexterity would be of incalculable value to the community in the improvement it would effect in caligraphy, in the relief to wearied and overstrained muscles, and in the prevention of writer's cramp which it would secure.

I sincerely hope, Mr. Editor, that in your crusade in favour of physical development you will ever keep in the forefront the paramount value and importance (from both the mental and physical standpoints) of ambidextral culture.—I remain, yours truly,

AN ADVOCATE OF AMBIDEXTERITY.

[I do not know that it is even necessary for me to state that I am a whole-hearted advocate of Ambidexterity. My system of Physical Culture has as its very basic principle the symmetrical development of the whole body, and not one side only. I shall be very pleased to publish an article (illustrated, if possible) dealing with Ambidexterity from the pen of so able an advocate as that wielded by the writer of the foregoing letter.—THE EDITOR.]

* *Ambidexterity, or Two-Handedness and Two-Brainedness (illustrated), price 6s., net from the Publishing Department.*



Questions and Answers

— AND —

Hints from Sandow.

ALTHOUGH I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, you must remember that space is limited, and I *cannot* prescribe courses here.

All communications relating to instruction by post should be addressed to me at Basing House, Basinghall Street, E.C., and these will receive prompt attention.

Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.

Bashfulness.

"BASHFUL" (NOTTINGHAM) wants to know if bashfulness is a disease, and if it can be cured by Physical Culture or special dieting.

Answer: Bashfulness is not a disease; it is a weakness. Physical Culture—and no special dietary—is the best cure. Also cultivate self-confidence instead of self-consciousness. Mix with your fellows, take part in affairs, don't hide in the background, and you will soon find an improvement.

Does Nature Backslide?

W. M. J. (GLOUCESTER) wants to know, before taking a course with a Developer, if I will advise him as to the following:—(1) After completing a course, does one sink below their former state if they give up exercising on the Developer, but exercise in other ways, as football, cycling, etc.? (2) Can I increase my weight? I am sound, weigh 10 st. 2 lbs., being 5 ft. 11 ins. high, and am just 17 years old.

Answers: (1) No; if you attain to your possible standard of development the body will then go on perpetuating its perfection. (2) Yes, of course you will, as you grow older and fill out.

MISS M. (EDINBURGH) fears that the measurements she quotes are not symmetrical. They are as follow:—

Age ...	20 years 3 months	Upper arm (L)	11¾ inches
Height ...	5 ft. 6 inches	Fore arm (L)...	10½ ,,
Weight	9 st. 8 lbs.	Hips	37¾ ,,
Chest (con.) ..	33½ inches	Thigh (R) ...	22 ,,
Chest (exp.)	35 ,,	Calf (R)	14½ ,,
Waist	25½ ,,	Thigh (L)	21¾ ,,
Upper arm (R)	12 ,,	Calf (L)	14½ ,,
Fore arm (R)...	10¾ ,,	Ankle	6 ,,
		Neck	12½ ,,

Answer: Miss M. is to be congratulated on measurements, which show her to be a thoroughly healthy and strong lassie, far above the average, especially that of the comparatively degenerate Southron.

Opening for Physical Culture Teacher.

P. C. K. S. (REDHILL) desires to know if his development justifies his training as a teacher of Physical Culture. He sends photos.

Answer: Your development is all right, but whether you are a fit person to undertake Physical Culture tuition is altogether another matter. In this direction one requires, first, such qualities as would command success along other, and not dissimilar, lines—say, music-teaching. Yet, P.C.K.S., there is undoubtedly a very good opening in every district for a business-like man (or woman, for female tuition) to secure profitable and congenial employment. You would need to possess the ability to influence people—the latter do not buy Physical Culture as they do, say, sugar over a counter. You must first possess your knowledge and—equally important—then be able to sell it. You might make a start as others have done, that is, by combining the work with your present occupation, leaving off the latter only when results justify your confining your attention to what I have no doubt would in your case be more congenial work.

The Right Method of Contraction.

ARDENT BELIEVER (CARDIFF) writes: "The fact of me being an ardent believer and follower of your system of Physical Culture has been the cause of many an argument with others who profess similar tastes. One in particular is the grip on the bells when contracting and relaxing the muscles. I argue that the grip must be kept on the bells throughout the exercise, but they say that the grip is only when you contract the muscle, and it is taken off when you relax. For

Would you

Build your house on an unsound foundation? Would you expect it to be safe and satisfactory, and able to withstand wind and snow, damp and drought, and heat and cold?

The employment of an able architect would secure a sound foundation, and a strong and serviceable storm-proof and strain-resisting dwelling.

Any Reader who is suffering from Indigestion, Constipation, Insomnia, Loss of Vigour and other Nervous and Functional Disorders is invited to send for a free book all about the Sandow Home Treatment, which furnishes the highest skilled direction in the building-up of a body sound, strong and healthy in every part.

It will be sent gratis and post free on receipt of your name and address. If personal particulars are also sent, special advice bearing on same will be included free of charge.

Address: EUGEN SANDOW, Post. Inst., Dept. S., 17, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

instance, in exercise No. 1 on your Dumb-bell Chart, when you raise your arm to shoulder, you grip the bells tightly and loosen the grip when your arms drop to side. I shall be glad if you will let me know through the columns in your magazine the correct way to obtain the best results, as I am anxious to settle all disputes. Wishing you and your magazine great success."

Answer: Alternating tension and relaxation of the muscles according to chart directions is the right method. This assists the physiological process of nutrition of the parts exercised. Continued tension involves circulation difficulties.

A Resistance Query.

A. J. P. (BIRMINGHAM) writes: "Kindly inform me as to (1) how many springs must be used to be equal to weights of 5 or 8 lbs. respectively, and whether ordinary, strong, or extra strong springs would be used in the grips? (2) Would you also kindly say in an article on the three methods of breathing why you prefer the abdominal, giving full reasons and why better than the lateral costal method? In 1899, lectures were given in London to teachers on voice production—due to London School Board. One of the lecturers was Dr. H. H. Hulbert, who highly favoured the "lateral costal method, in which contracted abdominal muscles fix stomach and liver in arch of diaphragm, the chest is elevated and expanded, and a full expansion of thorax can be obtained." Then he goes on to say that abdominal breathing must have an unhealthy tendency, for the abdominal muscles, constantly pushed out (forward) in a relaxed condition, will become stretched and weak. The lectures by Dr. Hulbert are obtainable (I believe) in pamphlet form. They also appeared in the *School Music Review* in June, 1899 (Novello) and following months. The extracts I give appeared in the June number. In the number for January, 1900, it is mentioned that Mr. W. H. Cummings, of R.A. music, believed in Hulbert's views—that the method was that taught by the old Italian singing masters—that he was opposed to so-called abdominal breathing, in which diaphragm descended and abdomen obtruded. Dr. Hulbert's views are held by some teachers of physical exercises (I do not say physical culture) that I have met. They are opposed to those of Behnke, Browne, Inch, Dowd, and yourself. I have read that Mandl in 1885 wrote against the lateral costal method of old Italian masters. In *School Music Review* (March, 1900) Chas. Lunn says that his brother, Rev. J. R. Lunn, by trigonometry proved in favour of living singer against dead voiceless body, and that the greatest volume of air exists in chest under lateral costal method. Against the lateral costal method it can be pointed out that whilst lying in bed on one side, that that side cannot be used for breathing but very, very little. I am myself unable to carry out the lateral costal method, but abdominal method seems to be the natural method, as seen when lying on back. Kindly give as full as possible the points shewing superiority of abdominal method. I am sure such would be much welcomed by your readers. In your former articles you have written about other details on breathing, but *not on differences of three methods*, and *which is superior, and* WHY. Further, I have not seen any reply (or article) on the larger aspect of breathing as pointed out in Mr. Low's criticism on the Sandow System."

Answer: You can test the resisting weight of your springs by placing weights on the dumb-bell as it lies on one side. The strength of springs to be used depends altogether upon the strength of the user. The best thing is to have the resistance of a strength which enables the user to exercise for twenty minutes without signs of undue fatigue. It is inadvisable to recommend any particular kind of breathing except that which thoroughly inflates and deflates the whole of the chest in turn, except under proper supervision and with a knowledge of the peculiarities of the individual.

Make a Try.

R. K. (BURNLEY) writes: "At last I am writing to you, after thinking of doing so for some months. You see, it is this way: In your admirable magazine you tell us so little of your movements, and I should very much like to know if you have given up travelling the music-halls, and if not when you are likely to be in Burnley again. I saw you when last you came, but that is years ago. Also will you kindly tell me if you think it possible to raise the following measures No. 1 to No. 2 by next September, by exercising twenty minutes at night and ten minutes in the morning? I have just got a Developer and Grip Dumb-bells. I have never done much exercising."

Age 25 years.

Neck	14½ inches	15½ inches
Chest	35 "	40 "
Waist	31 "	35 "
Hips	35 "	38 "
Thigh	21 "	23 "
Calf	14½ "	15½ "
Bicep	12 "	13½ "
Forearm	11 "	12 "
Height	5 ft. 7 inches	
Weight	10 stone	11 stone

Answer: I am so busy at present in connection with my schools and correspondence curative treatment, and magazine that I do not know if I shall appear publicly again. Replying to your query, and as you have not done much exercising, I consider that you should achieve the increase you particularise with the exception, perhaps, of hips, chest, biceps and forearm, which show rather ambitious increases within the time mentioned. Anyway, make a try for the attainment of your highest standard of physical development.

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